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Poetry.

ON THE BEACH LAST SUMMER.

HE.

"Belle, I've sought you all the morning
I return to town to-day;
Pardon, if I give no warning,
There is something I must say."

SHE.

"Sought so long! You must be weary!
Are you ill? You look quite pale;
When you go life will be dreary!
Well, I'm ready for your tale."

HE.

"I can keep it back no longer;
Belle, I need you in my life;
Will is strong, but love far stronger;
Dear one, will you be my wife?"

SHE.

"Be your wife! Your words seem braver
Than they seemed in days of yore;
But your love would surely waver
Now, as then. Please say no more."

HE.

"Ah, you jest! Though once I faltered,
Failed your heart to comprehend,
Never once my feelings altered,
Not alone did I offend."

SHE:

"Was I fickle in those hours?
Ah, perhaps 'twas better so:
'Mid the score that owned your powers
My poor heart was quite de trop!"

HE:

"St it ends, then? I have spoken
Words that live until I die;
And you smile while hearts are broken!
Belle, God bless you dear! Good by!"

SHE:

"Good by? I could always tease you!
Take my hand before you go;
And, if it would really please you,
Keep it, Jack, for weal or woe."—*Life.*

A SONG ABOUT THE SIOUX.

A wandering tribe called the Sioux,
Wear moccasins, having no shioux;
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of light hioux.

When out on the war path the Sioux
March in single file—never by twoux—
And by blazing the trees
Can return at their ease,
And thus through the forest ne'er lioux.

All new fashioned boats he eschioux,
And uses the birch bark canioux,
They are handy and light,
And inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from dioux.

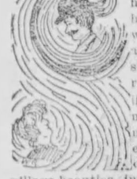
The principal food of the Sioux
Is Indian maize, which they briouux,
Or hominy make,
Or mix in a cake,
And eat it with pork, as they chioux.

Now, doesn't this spelling look eyiouxrious?
'Tis enough to make any one fyiouxrious!
So a word to the wise,
Pray our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious!

Charles Follen Adams.

Our Story Teller.

HERO OF THE OCCASION.



HET LOOMIS was not usually dissatisfied with his appearance, even if his attractive features were bronzed by sun and wind, even if his shapely hands were roughened by toil, even if his garments were never either costly or modish. He had always experienced a blissful unconsciousness that the village beauties indisputably admired his six feet of stature, his curly black locks, his flashing black eyes, his jetty mustache, and gleaming white teeth.

But just now he was inclined to depreciate his attraction. He fancied he was boorish to gain favor in the sight of the dazzling creature who had briefly become an inmate of the breezy little country house. Her soft glances thrilled him, her flattering whispers had beguiled him, more perhaps than he would have readily admitted; and she was so different from the plain village sisterhood—she was dainty and accomplished and superior, so everything which was delightful and adorable.

"I must have a new suit—something genteel," he remarked one day. "And I have a notion to invest in a bit of extravagance—a carbuncle for my cravats, and something stylish for my watch-chain. I am not sure about a ring for such hands as these, though," he added with a rueful frown at his tanned and callous fingers.

"Mercy me!" ejaculated his busy mother, staring from the dusky closet where she was just visible against a perspective of shelves laden with rich and old china and curiously antique silver. "What on earth do you want of genteel clothing and gewgaws as are of no use to a plain country lad as must always tend the sowing and plowing?"

"But, mother," he said, rather sheepishly, "we can afford to hire a man for that sort of work—for the work which makes a fellow always feel so coarse and boorish, I mean. I want a chance for books and for a jaunt of pleasure occasionally; I need not make myself a downish and slavish ignoramus just because I happen to be a farmer, I suppose?"

"Your queer new notions are dreadfully sudden, my lad," the brisk mother said, as she emerged from the closet and closed the flimsy door with a mild bang of wonder and irritation. "And you have a right plenty of time for all the books and jaunts as are good for you. Or, aren't you contented with the life your father lived before you? Aren't you contented to tend your own fields; to stay in the house with me and with Midge as is to be your own wife? Maybe the work is not so fine; maybe you might have grander ways and more bookish knowledge, but you'll always be right grand and good enough for your mother, and for the girl as loves you."

His swarthy, bronzed features reddened slowly; he lowered his flashing black eyes, and then for an instant fidgeted with the big buttons on his homespun jacket.

"I am not so sure Midge will be my wife, mother," he said, uneasily. "There is no promise between us, as I know."

"Mercy me! no promise?" gasped Mrs. Loomis, her faded eyes like two exclamation points, her withered cheeks paling. "Now, you can never mean that, Chet Loomis—you as has always followed her about like a house-dog and snarled at every village beau as came nigh her. If you have never said the spoken word, then just the same you have acted and hinted your jealous loving for her. Mercy me! no promise?—and you don't care for our Midge?"

"I care enough for Midge," he answered, with his rather confused countenance averted. "She has been like a sister to me ever since she lived with us. But a fellow cannot be blamed for wanting a more stylish and genteel girl for a wife, I suppose."

Mrs. Loomis twitched the tiny closet key from the flimsy lock of the old silver closet, turned with sharp impatience, and for a moment silently eyed her aspiring son.

"Maybe Miss Isbey has been putting the arrant nonsense into your head and the discontent into your heart," she said, with a suddenly apprehensive expression darkening her wrinkled visage. "I am right sorry I ever took the young woman for the summer board; and right sorry you will be Chet Loomis, if you trust all her soft saying and sweetish flatteries."

And with an energetic shake of her gray head, Mrs. Loomis hurried from the room.

The young fellow frowned, then scornfully smiled, and then jauntily canted his hat over his curly black hair, and whistling with an uneasy sort of bravado, he presently strode from the house.

On and on he strode down the narrow, grassy path, between plots of marigold and tulips, between rows of green bushes hung with currants as red as the carbuncle he coveted, on and on past the big brown barns, and so into the breezy, rustling orchard.

Here were primitive bars and a stile, and just beyond was a little spring which gushed and gurgled from a low rock into the lurid depths of a mossy tank, where the song-birds came to drink unhindered by the mild, sleek cattle and unaffrighted at the sight of man.

MIDGE IN TROUBLE.

As Chet, still recklessly, whistling, vaulted over the stile, he paused at an unfamiliar sound—the noise of bitter sobbing somewhere among the sumacs which shadowed the low spring rock. And as he listened he espied a girlish figure lying prone upon the long, thick grass, her face hidden in a huge pink gingham sun bonnet, her whole frame writhing as each pathetic sob came from the grieving lips.

"Midge! Midge! What is this?" the young fellow anxiously inquired as he hastened to her side and grasped one hand which was convulsively clenched in the long grasses.

The girl lifted up her head, pushed the pink gingham back from her swollen face, and struggled to an upright position.

"You will scold me—you will hate me!" she faltered. "But, oh, Chet! your money is gone!"

"My money is gone?" repeated the young fellow, staring down at the piteous face.

"It is gone—every golden coin of all the $500 you bade me keep for you is gone, Chet," she said with solemnity. "I kept it in the lovely lacquer box you gave me, and somebody has broken the lock and taken it all."

"That cannot be possible, Midge," he declared, incredulously, almost angrily. "Our miserably indigent village has never yet tempted thievish prowlers. You have the money safe enough somewhere; perhaps you have it stowed away in some old silver pot or pitcher of the old china closet. And I want to use it directly, too. I mean to get some creditable toggery for myself, and I have promised a pony and cart for Miss Isbey. She is accustomed to something more genteel and comfortable than our rickety old buggy and wheezing old road horse."

With a shudder and a sigh Midge arose to her feet and for an instant she stood mutely before him.

"Miss Isbey will not have the cart and pony, and I am not sorry either," she at length said with a sudden unfamiliar spirit and passion in her pained voice and troubled eyes. "I am not sorry at all; she is bad and false, and I loathe her."

And with that dauntless assertion pretty Midge tripped hastily across the stile and back to the house.

Chet did not follow her. He felt vexed with her and with his mother. In all his twenty-five years he had never before felt so angry and injured and refractory.

"They have planned to keep the money from me," he thought savagely. "Mother always has a trick of being prejudiced and unreasonable, and Midge is jealous, of course. They are like all the others about the miserable village—they have no perceptions of anything above the coarse, grovelling occupations and opinions which have so annoyed my sweet Livette. They hate her because she is so dainty and superior, that is all."

The sun had gone down, and a pale-rose dusk was upon everything about him. Chet had flung himself down upon the warm, dry turf in the shadow of the sumachs beyond the spring, and there he lay, listening to the gurgle and tinkle of the gushing water, and meditating rebellion.

And while he meditated the stile was again crossed by somebody—by a shadowy girl in white, bearing a bunch of crimson and scarlet tulips in her corsage.

"Livette," he had almost called when he was checked by something—by a premonitory impulse perhaps, or perhaps by the stealthy tread of a stranger, who at the instant emerged from the dim seclusion of the orchard trees.

The individual advanced with cautious speed, and Miss Isbey tripped forward to meet him.

"Are you certain there are no eavesdroppers about?" was the preliminary greeting of the personage whom Livette had favored with so singular a nocturnal tryst. "Aren't you afraid your boorish gallant will come spying after you?"

The dainty Livette shrugged her stylish shoulders and laughed—a jarring and hateful laugh of wicked confidence and unwomanly contempt.

THE MEETING.

"No one ever comes here but the cows and the robins," she said. "And my gallant boor is safe away—he has gone for the purchase of the pony and cart he promised me."

"Now mark you here, Livette," interrupted her companion, "there must be nothing serious about the handsome village lout. I know you of old, my dainty coquette; but mine you are and mine you shall remain. I will have no sentiment about your new adorer."

Again the dazzling Livette laughed—that peculiarly discordant laugh of evil assurance and ignoble disdain.

"You need not worry about the poor simpleton, my Carlo," said she, winding a caressing arm about the neck of the surly and unprepossessing individual beside her. "For your sake only have I permitted him to adore me; they—the ridiculous Midge and the odious old woman—would not have had me there but for his intercessions. And he—ah, he is only a tiresome clown and he bores me. But I did not mind being bored a little for your sake and such as this."

She had unwound her arm from his neck and exultingly held toward him a showily tasseled crimson bag which she had carried rather gingerly.

"What! have you brought me golden eagles, my queen?" chuckled the man, impetuously opening the strangely heavy shopping-bag.

"That ridiculously simple Midge would have hoarded the money forever," Livette laughed, as the shimmering yellow coin was disclosed in the pale splendor of the rosy young moon. "But we shall know how to enjoy it, shall we not? And there is more for us if we shall be bold and nimble; there is a score of antique silver, only a flimsy lock to undo, an easy retreat through an unused passage, perhaps the pony and cart conviently near, and then you and I shall be safely away together, and far beyond their search before the morning breaks."

Poor, foolish, boyish Chet, in the shadow of the sumacs had noiselessly arisen to his feet, and, unnoticed, as motionless and as somber as the black spring rock beside him, he stood so closely behind the two that he might have touched the glistening white raiment of the fascinating traitress.

There he stood, his black eyes flashing portentously, his white teeth gleaming through a dangerous smile, his bronzed fingers clinched against his callous palms, ready to regain the treasure which had been stolen from the lacquer box of dear, slighted, aggrieved little Midge.

It was all over in a second, the wild leap from the shadow into the moonshine, the ready and vigorous blow, the startled shriek of the woman, the strangled curse of the man, as he was hurled upon the turf where he lay as senseless as the clod beneath him.

And the next instant, without an uttered syllable of scorn or of denunciation, Chet Loomis had scaled the stile and was striding toward the house; he felt sufficiently humbled and punished undoubtedly, and he was mindful of nothing but a contrite desire to make his peace with his affronted little sweetheart.

"Mercy me! where on earth have you been, Chet, and whatever are you doing, carrying Miss Isbey's genteel shopping-bag about?" his mother inquired as he appeared in the cozy sitting-room.

The young fellow smiled with an extraordinary assumption of sagacity. Very probably he had been a simpleton; possibly he was sufficiently penitential, too; but he certainly proposed no admissions, which might depreciate his prestige as the hero of the occasion.

"To the victors belong the spoils," he quoted with amazing gayety, "and your Miss Isbey may be grateful that I chose just now to burden myself with my own property rather than with two ugly prisoners of war."

Then he turned to Midge, whose pretty eyes were yet swollen with her bitter weeping, and who was busily stitching a rent in his old homespun jacket.

"Here is the money, my dearest—yours and mine," he said, as he emptied the yellow coins into her tidy apron and then stooped and kissed the wistful and wondering face. "The genteel Miss Isbey is more evil than we surmised," he added, with surprising indifference.

"And I am right glad and thankful she never deluded you as I was afeared she might do," Mrs. Loomis declared, when all was told.

But Midge said never a word. Her trustful heart had been sorely tried. But she loved Chet. She felt that he was once more entirely her own; she was content, and only too willing to honor him as the hero of the occasion, as her husband.

ALEX-AND-HER.

There was a chap who kept a store,
And though there might be grander,
He sold his goods to all who came,
And his name was *Alexander.*

He mixed his goods with cunning hand—
He was a skilful brander;
And, since his sugar half was sand,
They called him *Alex-Sander.*

He had his dear one, to her came,
Then lovingly he scanned her;
He asked her would she change her name,
Then a ring did *Alex-hand-her.*

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip,
"If I can be commander!"
And so they framed a partnership
And called it *Alex-and-her.*

All Was Forgiven.

Wife (piously)—Henry, I wish you wouldn't swear so.

Husband (shocked)—I don't swear, my dear.

Wife—Yes you do; or just the same thing. You mustn't say "by George," or "by Jove," or "by Ned," or by anything.

Husband (submissively)—Not even buy a new bonnet, love?

Then she was very, very sorry for her thoughtless reform movement, and, coming close to him, threw her arms about his neck and asked him to forgive her.—*Washington Critic.*

A Minor Part.

Distinguished actress—There is something about your face, sir, that is strangely familiar. Where can I have met you?

Stranger (with a hurt look)—Why, don't you remember me? I once filled a six months' engagement with you as——

Actress (eagerly)—As my leading man in "Ingomar," wasn't it?

Stranger (humbly)—No, madam; I had one of the minor parts. I was only your husband.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Of No Moment.

Anxious Mother—My dear, little Dick has been fighting again.

Husband—He has, eh? Where's that switch? Got his face all scratched up I suppose?

"N-o."

"Clothes torn, maybe?"

"No, he didn't get hurt this time. It was the other boy that got hurt."

"Oh! Well, boys will be boys, my dear. Is supper ready?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Little Mistake.

"I saw that charming Miss Flirt and her mother this afternoon," remarked Bjones, "and I winked at her."

"Did you catch on?"

"No, only her mother saw me."

"Was the old lady very vexed?"

"Not at all. She winked back."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Generally the Case.

A member of one of our Unitarian churches writes: "At the First Parish Sunday school, a few Sundays ago, the teacher of an infant class read the account of the announcement of 'the birth of Christ to the shepherds,' and, to test their memory, asked the pupils 'who first knew of the birth of Jesus.' One little fellow of seven years spoke up, 'His mother, 'cause they always tell the mothers first.'"

Trouble Ahead.

Woman (to office boy)—"I want to see Mr. Snuckles."

Office boy—"What fer?"

"That's none of your business. I'm Mrs. Snuckles."

"No, you don't, mam; you can't come any games here. I heard Mr. Snuckles tell some gents what he was out with last night that he was a single man."—*Texas Siftings.*

Illustrating Greetings at Court.

"Did you read in the papers, Jennie, what an awful funny way the Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph took to salute each other?"

"No, I didn't see it, Fred, how was it?"

"Oh, I can't explain it, but I think I can illustrate it."

"How was it—do show me?"

"——!"

"Ugh! You hateful thing! If there's anything that makes me squirm all over, it is to be kissed in the ear."—*Springfield Union.*

They Danced.

"Signorita, the waltz has begun, may I have the pleasure?"

"Excuse me, Signor, I do not like waltzing."

"Ah! then perhaps you will allow me to converse with you and keep you company during this round?"

"Ahem!—Come, I think we had better dance!"—*La Spirito Folletto.*

All She Wanted.

Mrs. Godolphin—Now, what would be your terms, Mr. Jones, for giving me a course of—say a dozen lessons in painting?

Jones—Well, frankly, Mrs. Godolphin, I'm afraid it's too late in life for you to begin starting a career of art—that is, if you wish to take it up seriously.

Mrs. G.—Oh, but I don't! I only want to learn enough to be able to teach.—*Judy.*

He Lacked Experience.

Fiery Anarchist—You have had no experience with human suffering, sir! You don't know what it is to see people all around you starving for bread year after year, year after year—

Quiet Citizen—No, I was only ten months in the prison at Andersonville.—*Chicago Tribune.*

They Never Move Away.

Mr. Rockaway Beeche—"I tell you what it is Hoffy, something must be done about the pewils of our sweet cwossings."

Mr. Hoffman Howes—"That's a fact, Old Chappy. I simply wuined my boots in the gutter yesterday, walking awound seven girls who persisted in holding a gossip exchange on the cornaw."

Woman's Ambition.

She was driving about the parks, and her husband was taking his ease, when she sweetly observed:

"I like to drive you around."

But she started a little and gave an ominous glance when he coolly responded:

"Yes, I know you do."—*Chicago Tribune.*

In the Club Window.

Mr. C. De Hurst—There goes a case of mutual love! Riverside Rives and his wife seem never to lose sight of each other.

Mr. Barker Carper—How do you know but it's a case of mutual jealousy?—*Puck.*

Hurt His Feelings.

"There you go!" she whispered savagely, as he rose from his seat at the end of the third act; "another cocktail, I suppose?"

"No, Mary, you wrong me," he returned earnestly, "it's straight whiskey this time."—*Puck.*

A Quaker City "Ad."

Among the advertisements in a Philadelphia paper lately was this: "Wanted—A lady to gather information. Must have great courage and judgment, and no incumbrance."

At Miss Ahrenheim's Wedding.

Ahrenheim *pere*—Here ish der acid, Leah. Drop a liddle on der ring to see uf it was reel gold!—*Puck.*

"PAPA, FOT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"

She was ready for bed and lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine.
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "Three men who put out to sea,"
When she speedily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
And she slept, baby weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and the sky,
The lowest depths of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

The cities with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low, soft throb,
Of my little one's loving heart,
Nor all the gold that ever was found
In the busy, wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed to me more
Than they ever before had meant.
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too glad to be.
And I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

Knew It Would Be Needed.

"I would like a little money this morning, John," said the wife, who was about to start down town. I need a few chairs for the dining-room."

"All right, Maria," said the husband, looking up from his paper. "Here's $10."

"I have found a place on Bargun street," she went on, as she put the money in her purse, "where they are going to sell some nice ones to-day at auction——"

"At auction?" Hold on a moment, Maria. Here's $10 more."

Close Enough.

"They are working on a new telescope," observed De Smith, "that will bring the moon within 60 miles of the earth."

"If the moon is really made of old cheese," remarked De Cantur, "that's close enough."

Loved Them Both.

High-spirited wife—Jerome, I will not put up with your shameful conduct any longer. If you do not reform I shall leave you. You must choose between your wife and whisky.

Husband (brokenly)—J-Julia, I can't do it, t' shave m' life. I love y' both too well!

Ought to Know Him.

St. Peter (to applicant for admission)—Your face, sir, is strangely familiar, but I can't exactly place you. Who are you?

Applicant (in surprise)—You ought to know me, sir. I am the manufacturer of the $3 shoe.

Not a Part of the Inscription.

"The deceased, if I remember rightly," said the tombstone agent in a respectful, differential manner, "was born in St. Louis."

"He was, sir," replied the Kansas City widow, "but (hastily) we don't want that put in the inscription."

No Music, No Nickel.

In one of our street cars, the other day, a rural rooster entered and seated himself without attempting to pay his fare. The driver said: "Captain, put your nickel in the box, please." "Oh, no," said the rooster with a knowing smile, "It didn't play no music when the man ahead of me put in his nickel. The thing's out of order and don't work. I've traveled, I have. No music, no nickel."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Accustomed to Beer and Pretzels.

Miss Clara (retired for the night)—"Ethel, wake up; there is the sweetest music you ever heard in front of the house. I just expected that Charley and his friends would serenade us to-night!" Miss Ethel (not excited)—"Oh, Clara, isn't it lovely. Oughtn't we to drop some coupons from the window?" Miss Clara—"Oh, I think so (dropping a bunch of roses with great caution) "There, Ethel," Voice (below)—"Mein Got in Himmel, ve no lif on roses!"—*Exchange.*

Still Grinding Them Down.

"I see," remarked the horse editor, "that chess for the working classes is a new experiment of the English chess players and it is meeting with considerable excess."

"Poor fellows," replied the snake editor. "Overworked and underpaid as the English work people now are, they are to be worked still harder it seems. Are they never to be allowed to rest.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Company Shied.

After the parade the other day a well-known Bostonian, who is unfortunate in having a face calculated to stop a clock, approached an officer of the cadets in a patronizing sort of way and said:— "I saw your company to-day, old man. It looked very well, very well, indeed." "It was just as we turned into Commonwealth avenue, was it not?" asked the officer. "Yes, but how did you know? Did you see me?" "No," said the officer, "but I noticed the company shied at that point."—*Boston Herald.*

No Sickness.

Mary—I'm so glad Eugenia was not seasick on the trip over.

Bessie—How do you know she was not? The steamship has only just arrived on the other side.

Mary—The paper says that the City of Rome was spoken by the Etruria, which reported all well on board."—*Life.*

He Struck a Real Bonanza.

Philadelphia Dame (to lovely daughter just returned from a visit to New York)—Oh, you ungrateful girl! After all I've said and done you've gone and engaged yourself to a poor man.

Daughter (proudly)—Poor? Goodness, mamma! Why don't you read the papers? Didn't I tell you he had a sub-contract for laying one hundred and fifty bricks on the New York aqueduct.—*Tune.*

A Day's Pleasure.

First Dame—What shall we do to-day? Let's go to the matinee.

Second Dame—Can't; we haven't any money. It takes money to go to the theater.

"So it does. I did not think of that. Well, let's go shopping."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Disappointed Again.

Fuddle—"I anticipate a hard winter."

Addle—"What's the trouble?"

Fuddle—"I notice that all the necessaries of life are advancing in price rapidly."

Addle—"Is that so? Why, I understood that we were going to have free whisky soon. How the papers do lie?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

Inherited Traits.

Bilfilns (wrestling with his infant)—I never knew before how much Florinda takes after me.

Wife—Takes after you. How?

Bilfilns—Well, to begin with, she has my hair—ouch!—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Accommodations for Both.

Occupant of Boston herdic to driver—I say, driver; I paid you double fare to drive slowly.

Driver—Yis, sorr; but the other gint paid me double fare to drive fasht. O'ill drive fasht half way an' slow the other half. Get er lang there.—*Epoch.*

Dialogue of the Future.

Mrs. Smith—Is this election day, John?

Mr. Smith—Yes, my dear. Are you going to the polls?

Mrs. S.—No.

Mr. S.—Why not?

Mrs. S.—I have nothing to wear.—*Boston Courier.*

Had to Be a Venus.

"You are looking lovely to-night, my dear," said Gracie.

"I must be," she replied, "because while coming home in the car this afternoon a Philadelphia gentleman gave me his seat."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Too Much for the Onions.

Waiter (to customer)—Fin' de steak an' onions all right, sah?

Customer (dubiously)—Well-er—I think the steak takes away somewhat the flavor of the onions.—*Texas Siftings.*

CHESTNUTS ARE RIPE.

He Wanted a "Get There" Watch.

"Do you want a stop watch, sir?" asked the jeweller.

"Do I want a stop watch? No, sir. I want one that will go. I've got a stop watch now."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

The Price of Brains.

Dramatist—I've got a new play that's a corker. The heroine falls into a real threshing machine, is rescued by the engineer and marries him. It's going to cost me $4,520 to put it on the stage.

Friend—What's the odd twenty for?

Dramatist—Oh, I paid that to a newspaper fellow for writing the piece.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Why He Thought He'd Wait.

Dentist—Mr. Doppenheimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on.

Doppenheimer—Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I coomes to morrer.

Dentist—But why not let me pull it to-day?

Doppenheimer—Well, I don' yoost know how much monish der wash in my pocket-book.—*Life.*

Wasn't Taking Any Chances.

Horrified Aunt—Why, 'Mandy, you'll catch your death of cold if you wear that dress. Remember, you're not at the seaside now. The season's over.

'Mandy (calmly)—I know it, auntie, and I'm 29 the first day of next January. This is the first time Mr. McPelican has asked me out for a drive. There's only three months left of 1888, and I'm not taking any chances this year, auntie.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Coincided With Papa.

In commenting upon Mr. Morton's letter of acceptance, the St. Paul *Globe*, by way of illustration, relates the following incident:

It is related of a clergyman, who was the happy father of a very charming and beautiful daughter, that one day while preparing his Sunday discourse he was suddenly called away from his desk on a mission of mercy. So imperative was the summons that he left unfinished this sentence:

"I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realized, but my heart is filled with rapture and delight."

His daughter, happening in the study, saw the sermon and read the words. Sitting down, she wrote underneath:

"Them's my sentiments, papa, exactly!"

Trimmed Windows.

He (at Saratoga)—You must permit me to compliment the hat you have on, Miss Keepaway; it is most tastefully trimmed.

She—Oh, thank you, Mr. Vere de Vere, but isn't it rather unusual for gentlemen to give their attention to such matters?

He—Well, yes; I suppose it is. But a man who has trimmed as many bow-windows as—er—um—yes, excuse me, Miss Keepaway, perhaps you are finding the night chilly?—*The Epoch.*

She Was Safe.

"A healthy Protectionist youse be," said Mrs. Moriurity, as her liege lord donned his regalia; "goin' out an' marchin' around, drinkin' free whisky, wholin' yez lave me alone, wid no defince again robbers but the horns av the billy-goat——"

"Whisht!" Moriarty replied; "don't yez know that it's cliaper for all the fellies in the warrud that want a drink, to march in the percession an' airn it, instid av breakin' into peoples' houses an' shtealin' it?"—*Puck.*

Singular Case of Transmission.

The little girl's father was dead and her mother had taken unto herself another husband. The little girl was being catechised.

"And which are you most like, your pa or your ma?"

"Well, I don't know. Some people think I am like my first pa, but I think I'm likest my second papa."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Keeping It Up.

"It doesn't matter how little you may save," moralized Jiggs, "as long as you put it away regularly it amounts up at the end of the year. Now I put away 10 cents every night."

"But you can't keep up a resolution like that."

"I have."

"When did you begin?"

"Last night."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dressmaker's Definitions.

Princess's train—Her retinue.

Furbelow—That on the skirt of the dude's ulster.

Low, coarse ages—The dark ages.

Gored—The matadore, frequently.

Caught up with cord—The hanged criminal.

Cut by us—Unpleasant acquaintances.

A V corsage—A $5 one.—*Boston Courier.*

Where It's Easy to be Honest.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"It's some time since I saw you here, Uncle Rastus."

Uncle Rastus (virtuously)—"Yes, sah; I'se been quiet an' law abidin' since de larst time I was up befo' yo', an' dat wer mor'n six mouths ago, yo' honnah."

Magistrate—"Ah, yes; I remember. I gave you six months for stealing a ham. It's a year this time, uncle."—*Time.*

Papa was Real Mean.

J. S. Dunks now smokes his soothing Havana with a degree of satisfaction that is pleasant to contemplate. His little four-year-old daughter, however, thinks "it was real mean in papa to bring a little baby boy from Coldwater to mamma when she was so sick!"—*Union City Register.*

The Plumber's Rival.

A retired St. Louis jeweler says that there is as much profit in the repairing department of watch-making as there is in plumbing. A mainspring, for instance, for replacing which few jewelers charge less than $1 60, costs on an average about 8 cents, and it takes only about half an hour to set it in a watch.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Not Fond of That Brand.

Bagley—Have a cigar, Bailey?

Bailey—Don't care if I do.

Bagley—They're some I won on the result of the Maine election.

Bailey—I—er—don't believe I care to smoke this morning.—*Cartoon.*

A Chicago Freak.

Chicago Man (on Chestnut street)—That gentleman I just bowed to is one of the most remarkable men in Chicago?

Philadelphian—Eh? In what way?

"He was born there."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Sure Sign.

"Politician, ain't you?" he inquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him.

"Yep; how did you know?"

"Breath."—*Boston Gazette.*

A Great Truth.

"You have heard a cat purr, I suppose?" asked the judge.

"Yes," replied the major.

"But, outside of poetry, you never heard a Cowper."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Nature of a Cherub.

"Why, Toby, you look like a cherub!"

"What is a cherub?"

"Oh—a cherub is a—a—a sort of converted Cupid.—*Punch.*

Just the Reverse.

Blinks—Hello, Jinks, glad to see you at the club once more. Wife gone away, eh?

Jinks—No; she's got back.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Change.

Before our wedding, years ago,
We used to take an evening row
Together regularly. Now
We often have an evening row.
—*Somerview Journal.*

Apples of Discord.

Little Girl—The preacher said something about apples of discord. Wonder what that means?

Little Brother—Green apples, of course.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A young man artist who lives in a boarding house wants to know how he can learn to play the violin without disturbing the other boarders. Soap your bow, young man, and bathe the strings twice a day in sweet oil. They won't complain much then.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER IV.

Kenneth the Scot was uncertain how long his senses had been lost in profound repose, when he was roused to recollection by a sense of oppression on his chest, which at first suggested a flitting dream of struggling with a powerful opponent, and at length recalled him fully to his senses. He was about to demand who was there, when, opening his eyes, he beheld the figure of the anchorite, wild and savage-looking as we have described him, standing by his bedside, and pressing his right hand upon his breast, while he held a small silver lamp in the other.

"Be silent," said the hermit, as the prostrate knight looked up in surprise; "I have that to say to you which yonder infidel must not here."

These words he spoke in the French language, and not in the Dingua Franca, or compound of Eastern or European dialects which had hitherto been used amongst them."

"Arise," he continued, "put on thy mantle—speak not, but tread lightly, and follow me."

Sir Kenneth arose, and took his sword.

"It needs not," answered the anchorite in a whisper; "we are going where spiritual arms avail much, and fleshly wounds are but as the reed and the decayed gourd."

The knight deposited his sword by the bedside as before, and armed only with his dagger, from which, in this perilous country, he never parted, prepared to attend his mysterious host.

The hermit then moved slowly forward, and was followed by the knight, still under some uncertainty whether the dark form which glided on before to show him the path, was not, in fact, the creation of a disturbed dream.

They passed, like shadows, into the outer apartment, without disturbing the Paynim Emir, who still lay buried in repose.

Before the cross and altar in the outward room a lamp was still burning, a missal was displayed, and on the floor lay a discipline, or penitential scourge of small cord and wire, the lashes of which were stained with recent blood, a token, no doubt, of the severe penance of the recluse.

Here Theodorick then kneeled down and pointed to the knight to take his place beside him upon the sharp flints, which were thus placed for the purpose of rendering the posture of penitential devotion as uneasy as possible; he read many prayers of the Catholic church, and chanted, in a low but earnest voice, three of the penitential psalms. These last he intermixed with sighs and tears and convulsive sobs, which bore witness how deeply he felt the divine poetry which he recited.

The Scottish knight assisted with divine sincerity at these acts of devotion his opinions of his host beginning, in the meantime, to be so much changed, that he doubted whether, from the severity of the penance, and the ardor of his prayers, he ought not to regard him as a saint; and when they arose from the ground, he stood with reverence behind him, as a pupil before an honored master. The hermit was on his side, silent and abstracted for the space of a few minutes.

"Look into yonder recess, my son," he said, pointing to the further corner of the cell; "there thou wilt find a veil—bring it hither."

The knight obeyed; and, in a small aperture cut out of the wall, and secured with a door of wicker, he found the veil inquired for. When he brought it to the light, he found that it was torn, and soiled in some places with some dark substance. The anchorite looked at it with a deep but smothered emotion, but ere he could speak to the Scottish knight, was compelled to vent his feelings in a convulsive groan.

"Thou art now about to look upon the richest treasure that the earth possesses," he at length said; "woe is me, that mine eyes are unworthy to be lifted toward it! Alas! I am but the vile and despised sign, which points out to the wearied traveler a harbor of rest and security, but must itself remain forever without doors. In vain have I fled to the very depths of the rocks, and the very bosom of the thirsty desert. Mine enemy hath found me—even he whom I have denied has pursued me to my fortresses."

He paused again for a moment, and, turning to the Scottish knight, said in a firmer tone of voice:

"You bring me a greeting from Richard of England?"

"I come from the Council of Christian Princes," said the knight; "but the King of England being indisposed, I am not honored with his majesty's commands."

"Your token?" demanded the recluse.

Sir Kenneth hesitated—former suspicions and the marks of insanity which the hermit had formerly exhibited, rushed suddenly on his thoughts; but how suspect a man whose manners were so saintly?—"My pass word," he said at length, "is this—Kings bedged of a beggar."

"It is right," said the hermit, while he paused; "I know you well; but the sentinel upon the post—and mine is an important one—challenges friend as well as foe."

He then moved forward with the lamp, leading the way into the room which they had left. The Saracen lay on his couch still fast asleep. The hermit paused by his side, and looked down on him.

"He sleeps," he said "in darkness, and must not be awakened."

The attitude of the Emir did indeed convey the idea of profound repose. One arm flung across his body, as he lay with his face half turned to the wall, concealed with its loose and long sleeve, the greatest part of his face, but the high forehead was visible. Its nerves, which during his waking hours were so uncommonly active, were now motionless, as if the face had been composed of dark marble, and his long silken eye-lashes closed over his piere ing and hawk-like eyes. The open and relaxed hand, and the deep, regular, and soft breathing, gave all token of the most profound repose. The slumberer formed a singular group along with the tall forms of the hermit in his shaggy dress of goat-skins, tearing the lamp, and the knight in his close leathern coat; their manner with an austere expression of ascetic gloom, the latter with anxious curiosity deeply impressed on his manly features.

"He sleeps soundly," said the hermit in the same low tone as before, and repeating the words, though he had changed the meaning from that which is literal to a metaphorical sense—"He sleeps in darkness, but there shall be for him a day-spring—O Ilderim, thy waking thoughts are yet as vain and wild as those which are wheeling their giddy dance through thy sleeping brain, but the trumpet shall be heard, and the dream shall be dissolved."

So saying, and making the knight a sign to follow him, the hermit went toward the altar, and passing behind it, pressed a little spring, which, opening without any noise, showed a small iron door wrought on the side of the cavern, so as to be almost imperceptible, unless upon the most severe scrutiny. The hermit, ere he ventured fully to open the door, dropped some oil on the hinges which the lamp supplied. A small staircase hewn in the rock, was discovered, when the iron door was at length completely opened.

"Take the veil which I hold," said the hermit, in a melancholy tone, "and blind my eyes, for I may not look on the treasure which thou art presently to behold, without sin and presumption."

Without reply the knight hastily muffled the hermit's head in the veil, and the latter began to ascend the staircase as one too much accustomed to the way to require the use of the light, while at the same time he held the lamp to the Scot, who followed him for many steps up the narrow ascent. At length they rested in a small vault of irregular form, in one corner of which the staircase terminated, while in another corner a corresponding stair was seen to continue the ascent. In a third angle was a Gothic door, very rudely ornamented with the usual attributes of clustered columns and carving, and defended by a wicket strongly guarded by iron, and studded with large nails. To this last point the hermit directed his steps, which seemed to falter as he approached it.

"Put off thy shoes," he said to the attendant, "the ground on which thou standest is holy. Banish from thy innermost heart each profane and carnal thought, for to harbor such while in this place were a deadly impiety."

The knight laid aside his shoes as he was commanded, and the hermit stood in the meantime as if communing with his soul in secret prayer, and when he again moved commanded the knight to knock at the wicker three times. He did so. The door opened spontaneously, at least Sir Kenneth beheld no one, and his senses were at once assailed by a stream of the purest light, and by a strong and almost oppressive sense of the richest perfumes. He stepped two or three paces back, and it was the space of a minute ere he recovered the dazz

Recent Literature.

STILL THE NEW BOOKS COME.

Louisa May Alcott—Up the North Branch—Primary Lessons in Zoology—The Five Talents of Women—Strange Threads—The Graysons—Patchwork in Pictures and Print—A Manual for Nations—The School Pronuncer—Behind Closed Doors—Volcanoes and Earthquakes—November Magazines—Literary Notes.

A book which will be especially welcomed to young readers is the beautiful one entitled "Louisa May Alcott, the Children's Friend," prepared by Mrs. Edna Dean Cheney in decorative art form, and published by the well-known house of L. Prang & Co., Boston. It gives the story of a singularly unselfish and beautiful life, told with the sympathetic grace and essential literary art that characterizes the author. The illustrations, by Miss L. B. Coming, include views in Germantown, Pa., where Miss Alcott was born, the Concord home, several Boston views, and other scenes inwoven with her life. A hand-some colored engraving representing Miss Alcott, and some hundreds of her friends, serves as a frontispiece to this volume. Mrs. Cheney's sketch makes liberal quotations from the author's works, and several poems of special reference to the theme close the volume.

"Up The North Branch, or a Summer's Outing" by Captain Charles A. J. Farrar, author of "Eastward, Ho!" "Wild Woods Life," is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is the record of a camping-out trip up the North Branch of the Penobscot and down the St. John river, through the wilds of Maine and New Brunswick, by members of the Lake and Forest club." Captain Farrar has made himself very popular among admirers of descriptions of wild life. His "Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness," "The Androscoggin Lakes" and other volumes are widely known. In this story a club of nine young men make their way through a fearfully unexplored section of the New England and Canadian wildernesses without the aid of a guide, and as a matter of consequence they meet with some rough experience.

The same publishers issue a little book intitled "Primary Methods in Zoology Teaching, for teachers in common schools" by W. P. Manton, whose qualifications for anything in this direction are well known. These chapters were originally written for a journal of education and reproduced for the benefit of many who did not see them in the original form. It is an excellent manual for beginners.

The author of "How to be Happy Though Married" has recently written another book entitled "The Five Talents of Woman," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. This volume like the former one is a mine of anecdote and is full of sound advice. The contents are: "The Power of a Woman's Smile," "How to be a Lady," "Housewife or Housemoth," "A Center of Order," "Between School and Marriage," "Catechism Before Marriage," "Choosing a Husband," "What Bait Do You Use, Ladies?" "Helpful Wives," "The Influence of a Wife," "About Mothers," "Pets or Pests; Which Shall They Be?" "Daughter-Full Houses," "Be ye Good Money-Changers," Health Preservers," "How to be Happy Though Single," "Nurses and Nursing," "Daughters and Sisters," "Talk Less and Say More," "Woman's Letters," "Woman's Studies," "Ought Women to be Brave?" "A Girl's Religion," "Woman's Recreations."

"Strange Threads," a New York novel, by J. Douglas, published by John B. Alden. This is a strong story, and reads more like the real episodes in an eventful, sorrowful life than a romance. It is a love story, abounding in sentiment, and yet leaves only wrecks and shattered hopes after the way, and yet the lover is sought to be consoled and weaned from his wretchedness at the close with the assertion that "crushed flowers are the sweetest;" that "some of us require long training before we are ready for heavenly gifts;" "we none of us like the discipline much when it is crushing us to the earth, but we are willing enough to rise to the heights when its work is accomplished."

"The Graysons," by Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is published by the Century Co., New York. It is founded upon a legendary account of one of President Lincoln's trials when a young lawyer in Illinois; and about this incident Dr. Eggleston has woven a powerful love story and study of character. It is a case of circumstantial evidence, in which Lincoln, then a little-known and struggling lawyer, was the defense of a man accused of murder, and secured his acquittal by proving from the almanac that there was no moon on the night of the murder, whereas the principal witness for the prosecution had sworn to having seen the prisoner commit the crime by the light of the moon. In Mr. Eggleston's version of this tradition the perjurer is himself the murderer, and the dramatic effect of the trial scene is heightened by making Lincoln accuse him of the deed and surprise him into a partial confession, while he is confused and demoralized by the crushing demonstration of his mendacity. It is a compact and well-told story, and Miss Allegra Eggleston has illustrated her father's text gracefully, sympathetically, and with decided ability.

Frederick A. Stokes & Bro., New York, have added quite extensively to their list of attractive illuminated publications. "Patchwork in Pictures and Print," by Frederick and Emma A. Opper, has a very bright cover in patchwork designs, including a great many caricatures in black by these famous artists. The sketches are accompanied by clever verses, written by Emma A. Opper, who handles the pen with as much skill as Frederick does the pencil. It is a very attractive book.

"A Manual for Notaries Public, Justices, Etc., for all the States," by Florien Giaque, is published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. This is a well arranged volume of about 400 pages, which discusses in a practical way, and tells how to execute, etc., and gives the law and forms and fees, for deeds, mortgages, leases, and similar instruments, acknowledgments, affidavits, depositions, oaths, proofs of accounts, etc., presentation, protest, etc., of notes, bills of exchange, and other mercantile paper, in and for every state and territory in the United States. Those called upon to give advice and prepare legal papers will find the book a very complete cyclopedia of information. Its excellent method of arrangement has enabled its author to embody in this small space a more complete hand-book on these subjects than any similar one ever before published. Its moderate cost, $2, places it within the reach of all.

"The School Pronouncer, Based on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a Guide to Correct Pronunciation," is the title of a useful book adapted to high schools and academies, and especially to schools of the ordinary grammar grade, which has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The object is to supply a knowledge of the elementary sounds and the diacritical marks used in representing them; to familiarize the student with the various combinations of letters commonly used in representing sounds; to teach distinct articulation by means of the phonetic analysis of words; and to furnish carefully prepared lessons in words often mispronounced. Mr. Phyfe's book seems to be one which, in the hands of good teachers, will produce excellent results, while the list it contains of 2,400 words often mispronounced is as useful for many grown persons as their juniors.

From the same publishers comes "Behind Closed Doors," by Anna Katherine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Mill Mystery," "Defence of the Bride," etc. It is a story of love, and a mystery which runs through the series of incidents and is finally brought to an end in a most unexpected way. It will, no doubt, be popular with the lover of sensational stories, as the author's other works have been.

In the series of "Questions of the Day," also published by the Putnams, is "The Tariff and Its Evils; or, Protection Which Does Not Protect," by John B. Allen. It is, of course, a strong argument against the present tariff. He claims to speak from the standpoint of personal experience, as a shipowner and merchant. The book is very well written, and will, no doubt, convince those who want to be convinced, while others will be ready with answers to the author's arguments. Tariff literature is at present increasing rapidly.

"Volcanoes and Earthquakes" is the latest published work of Dr. Samuel Kneeland, whose recent death in Germany has caused general regret in this city, where he was so long and favorably known, not only as a scholar and a teacher, but a man. It was prepared, not as a scientific textbook, but to impart information in a popular manner concerning certain natural phenomena, the causes of which have never been adequately ascertained. It was the main idea of the author to collect from all available sources accounts of the most important earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which have occurred in modern times, supplementing them with the conclusions arrived at by the best scientific authorities of this country and Europe. Much of the material was the result of the author's own observations in the various countries described. A very interesting chapter deals with the various theories put forth by scientists in different parts of the world as to the direct causes of earthquakes, and also with the peculiarities of the phenomena. The work is well illustrated. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

"Tenure and Toil; or Rights and Wrongs of Property and Labor," by John Gibbons, of the Chicago Bar, is published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The author does not arrogate the ability to solve problems which have eluded the wisdom of philosophers and sages in all ages, nor does he claim that his are infallible specifics for all the social and political ills which afflict society. Where he seeks to modify or abolish existing conditions and institutions he proposes plans and furnishes material with which to remodel and replace them. The weaknesses and wrongs which seem inherent in our system of political economy are seen and admitted by all. He thinks the time is at hand when America must determine the true goal of social organization, and seek to walk in the best and safest way of obtaining that goal, and he has made an effort to understand the problems of the day in order to write understandingly. It is interesting whether it convinces or not.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Rives-Chanler has written a story "On Bone's Island" for *Once a Week*.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," is said to be writing another novel.

Carrie Bragg edits the *Virginia Laurel*, the only paper in the country conducted by a colored woman.

The southern author, Mr. Harris, has an offer of $3,000 for his novel "Aaron," which he is now writing.

Will Carleton, is 42 years old, though he looks younger, and he has a laugh which is most infectious and gleeful.

"The Effects of Protection," by Charles S. Ashley, is the leading article in *The Popular Science Monthly* for November.

"Maxwell Gray," who wrote "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is the only daughter of a Dr. Uttiet living upon the Isle of Wight.

Margaret Vandergrift's new volume of poems, soon to be brought out by the Ticknors, has the unpromising name of "The Dead Doll."

An edition in the Greek of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" will soon be brought out by White & Allen with the imprint of the Chiswick *Press*.

The translator of Balzac's novels, which are so popular, is Miss Katherine Prescott Wormley, the daughter of a retired English officer living at Newport.

A saml-humorous account of travels in British Columbia has been written by two young Englishmen, and will soon be published by Longmans, Green & Co. under the title of "B. C. 1887."

Mr. Gladstone is said to be very busy just at present in arranging his enormous public and private correspondence. He has already destroyed several thousand letters, and the remainder he intends to arrange in chronological order.

It is said that 2,700 letters on the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" have been addressed to the London *Tel-graph*. A volume of selections from these letters, accompanied by an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, is coming out in England.

Paul Heyse, the German novelist, is described as a handsome man of debonaire bearing, with winning dark eyes and charming manners. He has been spared the struggles of the literary man, for he has always had plenty of money.

The frontispiece for the November number of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching after a painting by F. A. Bridgeman, the favorite painter of Oriental scenes. It is called "A Hot Bargain," and represents two Arabs arguing over the price of a horse.

The two leading holiday publications which the Harpers will issue are the "Old Songs," illustrated with the drawings by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, and Gen. Lew Wallace's "Boyhood of Christ," also richly illustrated. A large illustrated volume on "English Cathedrals" will also appear soon from the Franklin Square press.

Miss A. L. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky., is said to rank next to Miss Middie Morgan in her knowledge of live stock, and to outdistance that lady's information in the matter of pedigrees and the history of trotting horses. Miss Wilson is manager of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and has the reputation of being a graceful as well as well-informed writer.

The portrait of Professor Arthur Sherburne Hardy which we find in the new catalogue of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. shows that clever novelist to be a handsome man with a good head, a strong and refined face, and shoulders broad and stalwart enough for an athlete. He looks like a scholar and a poet; and "Passe Rose," be it said, is indicative of both.

The question how long man has lived in America and what were the surroundings of the primeval inhabitant, is discussed in an illustrated article entitled "Paleolithic Man in America," by W. J. McGee, in the November *Popular Science Monthly*. The author is thoroughly acquainted with the evidences on this subject, and has the happy faculty of presenting it in an attractive style.

"The Palace Beautiful," published by Cassell & Co., has proved to be one of the most popular stories for girls written since "Little Women." Like that famous tale it deals with the adventures of three sisters. These girls—Primrose, Jassamine and Daisy—were left alone in the world at a tender age, and the story of the part they took in the battle of life is one that will be read with interest by all girls.

Robert Louis Stevenson is writing a series of letters descriptive of his experiences and observations on his cruise around the world, and Mr. S. S. McClure has contracted with newspapers in America, Europe, India and Australia for the publication of these letters. In placing the letters with the newspapers in Europe, Mr. McClure spent several weeks abroad. He has been remarkably successful in securing large returns for Mr. Stevenson. It is expected that the letters will be published weekly, and will begin with the new year.

No Use for a Foot Rule.

A laborer in a shipyard was one day given a two-foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule he returned it, after wasting a good deal of time.

"Well, Mike," remarked his superior officer, "what is the size of the plate?"

"Well," replied Mike, with the smile which accompanies duty performed, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and arm, from here to there, bar a finger.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Heartbreaking Discovery.

Sweet girl—Please look at this ring and tell me whether the diamonds are paste or not.

Jeweler—Those are genuine diamonds.

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss, and very rare ones. They cost a great deal of money."

"Oh, dear! And I wouldn't promise to be anything but a sister to him, and now, boo! boo! he's gone?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Wasn't Looking for Money.

"No, my man, I haven't anything for you," said a gentleman to a tramp with outstretched hand.

"Who asked for anything?" replied the tatter-demalion. "Don't you see I'm a politician? All I wanted was to shake."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WHO PAYS THE DUTY?

THEORY AND FACT OPPOSED.

The Man of Sentiment Says, "The American Consumer Pays It"—What Does Experience Say?

The free trade parrot that sits on its perch and proclaims "The tariff is a tax," every week day and Sunday too, assumes a very wise expression and says:

"Some one paid $217,000,000 duty on goods, last year; what folly to say this duty is not added to the cost of the goods!"

One of our Toledo free traders, who is scintillating with eloquence and wisdom on the stump, at so much per night, said to me, between campaigns, that he "knew nothing of the practical workings of business under the tariff, or of the relative cost of American and foreign goods, but he discussed free trade as a sentiment."

He is a member of a very large army. Those who are discussing free trade as a sentiment, in this campaign, are the majority, I judge, and when they think they have worked out an equation no amount of contradictory practical experience has any effect upon them. They echo and imitate the parrot, and strut on their perches as if they had evolved something brilliant in the field of political economy.

Whom does our tariff tax? The consumers of the United States, or the foreign manufacturers who struggle to retain their hold on this market?

The other night a member of the Dominion government, Tupper, made an elaborate address to a Canadian audience, and the special point of his speech was this—Mark it, please;—that the reductions in the United States tariff, contemplated by the Mills bill, if that ever became a law, would be a saving to Canadians of $1,800,000 per year.

Do you observe? The Mills bill

WILL SAVE CANADA

$1,800,000 per year!

How can it do this? You and I pay this duty, this tax, on all goods we get from Canada; the parrots unanimously say so. How, then, does the wiping out of this duty save money to Canada?

Let us drop "sentiment" for a moment, dear reader, and turn to facts. Twenty years ago a large percentage of the hardware business was in handling foreign goods. We had, as other jobbing houses had, an agent at Birmingham, England, who bought padlocks, curry combs, sheep shears, pocket and table cutlery, razors, scissors, chisels, etc., for us. Now, as we are dealing with practical affairs, you will kindly weigh this fact: On many lines of goods bills were made to our agent at the regular price, but when the consular certificate was presented to the manufacturer, proving to him that the goods had been shipped to the United States, he promptly credited our account with a special discount. In other words, he had a special price to the United States, and he took care that this price should not break down his home market. Who was paying our tariff then?

Let us waive sentiment still farther and meander again in the prosy field of fact. Ten or twelve years ago, some one of the wooden-headed clerks, whom Providence permits to get into the Washington departments, revised an opinion made by his wooden-headed predecessor, and as a result increased the duty on two lines of German goods which we were handling. Of course the parrot will insist that this increase of duty immediately caused an increase in prices. But we are not dealing in sentiment now, you will remember, and the fact was the German manufacturers at once reduced the price of their goods a corresponding amount, and the net cost remained as it was before the wooden-headed young man had exercised what he thought was his mind. Who paid the tariff there?

I sat down one day with that keen business man, whose place among us is as empty as it was the day he died, C. L. Luce, and told him I wanted some facts from the field of dry-goods with which to answer the arguments plucked from the fluffy fiction. He took down his invoice books, saying, "We will take things since the war, as being a better test, and I can show you how American mechanics reduce the cost of goods to the consumer." And he went on as follows:

"Take jaconet; in 1868 when the first goods of this kind were turned out by American factories we were paying for the imported article 17½ cents, gold. Consumers stuck up their noses at an American brand, and the home factories were obliged to send it out under foreign labels. In less than two years the price was 12½ cents in America and 12½ cents abroad." Did the tariff prove a tax there?

"Take black alpaca. Up to 1870 there was not a yard of black alpaca made in the country. American factories took hold of it till the price dropped at once from 25 cents to 18 cents, this difference being a good deal more than the duty." Was the tariff a tax? Yet, your college professor looking on the list and seeing black alpaca on the schedule, calls heaven to witness the wrong done by this iniquitous tariff! And the parrot shrieks: "The tariff is a tax!"

Eight years ago not a yard of cashmere was made in this country; the imported article was selling at 55c and upwards. A committee of importers went before the Ways and Means committee and claimed this tariff was a tax; that as no goods of the kind were made here, no one was being protected. An American cloth manufacturer told the committee that if they put the tariff as it was he would at once commence to manufacture cashmere. His first stock of finished goods was placed on the market in 1883, and he sold to the jobbing trade—at 55c? Oh, dear, no; he wasn't doing business on sentiment. His price was 42c. Don't you see what a tax the tariff was?

Now these foreign makers did not willfingly relinquish this field. What did they do? They cut the price; so did he. They have been cutting, not for fun, but it was fun for the consumer, who saw the price declining. And who paid the duty? It came out of the foreign manufacturer, clearly believed, as it did on the other goods mentioned.

For two years I kept the cost of goods in an eastern factory. I was obliged to go into the smallest detail: to see how far a spool of thread would go; to weigh up the waste clippings; to estimate the wear and repair of machines, and to keep the book written up with every change in prices of raw material to us. I know that the tariff had no more to do in making our selling price, (as an item of profit), than it has to do with the cost of a copy of this paper. So long as the proprietor was getting a price that paid a good profit on what my book showed to be the cost, he was happy; when it was the other way, he was glum. And beginning with 1865 it was mostly "the other way," for the history of the factory showed three failures in ten years.

But, says the parrot, if he could not make the goods to advantage here let him quit. Go and tell that to the 300 men, women, and youth who draw their monthly wages there, to the farmers for ten miles around who find there a good market for their produce, and see what their answer will be. But above all go to the consumers of his goods who constantly saw the cost declining to them, and get their opinion. But no, the "sentiment" exponents go to the parrot or to college.

And so, when Sir Charles Tupper stands before a Canadian audience and assures them that the Mills bill will save them $1,800,000 per annum, you and I know that his words mean exactly that, and his hearers there know it too. The English free traders and manufacturers must go to bed with sore sides over laughing at the claims made by their champions, the men who discuss cold questions of trade as matters of "sentiment" entirely uncoupled from facts.

WM. H. MAHER.

Bible Coins, Weights and Measures.

A gerah was one cent.

A farthing was three cents.

A talent of gold was $13,800.

A talent of silver was $538.33.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A shekel of gold was thirty-eight cents.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A piece of silver or a penny was thirteen cents.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

An epay, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A firkin was seven pints, an omer was six pints, a cab was three pints.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

MISFORTUNE rarely comes alone. If you have caught cold be careful to quickly relieve that pain, be it external or internal. Warner's Log Cabin Extract is the best, safest, most reliable remedy for internal and external use. Two sizes. Prices $1.

LOOKING GLASSES OF OLDEN DAYS

Rubies and Emerald Polished Into Mirrors for the Emperor Nero.

Mirrors were old-fashioned in the time of Moses, and deemed by him of sufficient importance to be placed in the Ark. Job also mentions them, and calls them looking glasses—a term which is applied to them throughout the sacred text—yet it seems clear that they were made not of glass, but of metal, as were all mirrors for many centuries subsequently. Brass is spoken of as one of the metals of which they were made, but it is more likely that the best kinds were composed of silver or some other white metal capable of receiving a high polish. Pliny, speaking of the extravagance of the Roman ladies, mentions that their mirrors were of silver, adding, somewhat sarcastically, that often only a thin surface of the precious metal was used, a statement which is borne out by discoveries made during recent excavations. These ancient mirrors were of small size, and of various and curious shapes. Pliny is also responsible for the statement that mirrors were sometimes formed out of rubies, and mentions one made from an emerald, wherein Nero used to watch the fights in the amphitheater.

The credit of first making glass mirrors cannot with accuracy be given to anyone in particular. The Sidonians are reported to have invented glass, but even if they attempted—as it is said they did—to manufacture mirrors from it, its inferior quality would not have given so high a reflective power as some of the better kinds of metals; and at whatever period they were first made it was not until the thirteenth century that they became generally known, and much later before they entirely misplaced the metal ones. At first molten lead was poured over the glass to form a reflecting surface, but that method was soon changed for a piece of white metal fill fixed at the back, and in the latter part of the fifteenth century an amalgam similar to that now used was substituted. With improvements in the manufacture of glass came corresponding improvements in mirrors. They were made larger and with a truer surface, and have now reached a state approaching perfection.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE RED-HEADED GIRL.

Oh, lovely and fair is the red-headed maiden,
As sweet as the roses that blossom in June,
When the air with the breath of the clover is laden
And the groves and the meadows are vocal with tune.

Her lips are as ripe as the ripest of cherries;
Her neck's like the snow on the mountain that lies;
Her cheek shows a mixture of milk and strawberries,
And her eyes are as blue as the bluest of skies.

Her teeth are as white as the spray of the ocean,
That flashes like light on the crest of the waves,
When the billows are tossed by the tempest's commotion,
Or the pearls that glisten far down in the caves.

She's bright as Aurora, the goddess of morning,
When dressed in a costume of tulle or lawn,
Looped up with blue bows, and a blue sash adorning
Her waist, and she steps with the grace of a fawn.

She's the kind of a girl to attract and to charm one,
And happy is he who this jewel has found,
I hereby deny that her temper's a warm one,
And that a white horse always follows her round.

'Tis her heart that is warm; it is loving and tender,
And true as the stars in their course is she;
And proud is the poet to praise and defend her—
The true hearted, red-headed maiden for me!

—*Boston Courier.*

THE WORSHIP OF ISIS.

How the Change Was Made to the Worship of Mary.

Their goddess, that of the ancient Parisians, was the mysterious Virgin mother of Egypt, Isis, the water goddess, whose priestesses and whose worship we find spread so universally. Her sanctuary was built on the site of the present cathedral of Notre Dame, and her fetes and rites were celebrated with the same pious ardor, though not with the same splendor, as in the East, and every year the sacred bark was launched in souvenir of Isis abandoning herself to the waves to seek the body of her lost divine spouse. Thus the bark of Isis, symbolizing their river and their ships, the source of their prosperity, because situated on the banks of the Lutetians, and even when no longer free they imposed it on their conquerors. The Emperor Posthumus, who built an immense palace, of which the so-called "Thermes de Julian" are a remnant, had this emblem carved at the corners of the building, and the stone symbols may still be seen by visitors to the Cluny Museum.

The Lutetians numbered fervently in Isis and in the fortunes of their frail bark. They even had a belief, which became a legend in the Middle Ages, that some day one of their heroes would go in a ship to conquer Egypt, the original home of Isis. It is a curious fact, too, that Christianity made very slow progress in Paris until after the Council of Ephesus softened the severity of the early Hebraic tenets by authorizing the more accessible and clement adoration of the Virgin. Henceforward it may almost be said that Isis and the Virgin were merged into one in the eyes of the simple; soon images of "la bonne dame" (the good lady) were set up everywhere, at country cross-roads and street corners, and France became the mother country of Mariolatry.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.*

YOU'RE SURE TO FIND A SMILE.

Chicago Tribune: A death blow—the last words of a modern pugilist.

Albany Journal: Working like a horse: A lawyer drawing a conveyance.

Yonkers Statesman: The Whitechapel fellow in London seems to be taking life easy.

Washington Critic: Will Knott is a Washington gentleman, who, when in a hurry, signs his name "Won't."

San Francisco Alta: Dr. Talmage says women should be permitted to whistle. But the question immediately arises, Should they be permitted to wet their whistles?

Pittsburg Chronicle: The foreman of an Arizona printing office, who had occasion to shoot one of the compositors added injury by referring to him afterward as "leaded minion."

New Haven News: Monogram stockings are said to command as much as $250 a pair. If we bought our hosiery at that price we should expect our name to be spelled out in full.

Philadelphia Record: Mrs. Highup—Is that gentleman who calls so often to see Clara a man of means? Mr. Highup—Means! He's just rolling in wealth. He's treasurer of the Bread or Blood Labor party.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage vice pays to virtue. Drive out the vicious blood with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, renew it with new and virtuous blood and there will be no hypocrisy in your strong and healthy nature. Best blood remedy and cheapest.

Good and Bad Taste.

Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read "John Brown, my property." It's all right to make things of use in some such a way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the object, not the front. The woman who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a heedless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures and when you have a picture don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big old frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread.

Was Only an American.

She—"What a grand thing it must be to be a citizen of a free country. How I wish I were a man, so I could take up the paper and see it full of appeals for my vote. Do you not enjoy it?"

He—"I? Why, no; I never see any appeals for my vote."

She—"You don't?"

He—"No, indeed. I am neither an Irishman nor a workingman. I am only an American. It's depressing."—*Time.*

—The whitest, worst looking hair, resumes its youthful beauty and softness by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Try it.

$1 OR $2?

A FREE TRADE DOLLAR.

Will It Go as Far as Two Dollars Go Now?—Mr. Maher Touches Up the "Cheap" Argument.

There are very few men among us who have not something to sell. The workman is in the market with his labor; the merchant with his goods; the manufacturer with his wares; the lawyer with his legal lore, and the physician with his skill. But the free trader's stock in trade is contained in the statement that men should buy where they can buy the cheapest. No barriers, they say, should be placed between the buyer and the man who sells goods at the lowest prices. But all men want to buy at the lowest price they can and sell at the highest price they can, and no man's wares are of so much importance to him as his wages are to the mechanic. It is very plausible to tell a man that flour at $4 per barrel is as easy to buy when he gets a dollar a day as it is at $8 per barrel when he gets $2 per day—yet no man lives who will not first take the $2 per day and the $8 flour.

Our teachers tell us that the cost of wheat and flour is regulated for us in Liverpool now; the repeal then of the tariff will not effect this. We raised more wheat than we can eat in this country this year, and we will do it for some years to come, unless now and then in seasons of extraordinary rain or drouth. What we send abroad is the basis of price, they tell us. The removal of the tariff then will not affect the cost of flour or wheat; bread will be as dear then as now. How are the reduced wages of the mechanic to buy him as much bread as they buy for him today?

The price of pork is not made by a tariff, but by the foreign demand as compared with the supply; there is no tariff on hogs to be taken off. If the workmen of Europe have our goods to make they will probably buy a little more pork. The probabilities most decidedly are that the wiping out of our tariff would slightly advance the price of pork. Will some of these wise men who say less wages will buy more meat show us how the man on 75 cents a day can buy more pork at the same price than he did when he had a dollar a day?

Suppose you were trying to pay for your house and lot. You still owe $200 on it. You are saving $50 each year and paying that much on the debt. Then Mr. Mills's jubilee comes and the tariff is wiped out. Your wages are cut down from $1.50 to $1 per day; you are obliged to pay the old price for flour, for potatoes, for meat; how are you going to save as you did before? But suppose you save as much in proportion as you did before; that would now be about $33. You carry this to the man who holds your note and he credits it on the back; you don't understand that. Mr. Thurman told you $33 under free trade was better than $50 under a protective tariff. You say to the man: "You ought to make that credit $50; you buy as much with this $33 as you used to buy with $50. Mr. Thurman says so, and he is a wise politician who has wiped out the tariff." Does the banker make this credit $50? Not he; he says, "This note shows you owe me $200 at 8 per cent interest; Mr. Thurman wiped off the tariff from your wages, but no one has taken any tariff off your debts. Pay me what you agreed, or I will take the house."

And you walk home with a load on your heart. You say to your family: "My God, of what was I thinking? My wages are lower; my work is more uncertain; bread is as dear; meat is as high; and my debts are harder to pay than ever." Yet, every debt under such a change in our system would be just as large as was under the old system, but would take just so many more years of saving and scrimping to pay it.

How many homes are there in this city that are only partly paid for? Their numbers are legion. How many men are owing for borrowed money? It would be easier to say how many are not. There is no colonial made upon the part of free traders but that free trade will reduce wages, but they claim a dollar will then go as far as $2 go now. Admit this to be true, who then profits by free trade? I will tell you. Every man who has money out at interest; who holds another man's note; who has a mortgage on another man's home. These debts must be paid in full. No matter if wages are but one half as high as what you owe; pay it, pay it! Blessed then will be the man who loaned his money under the tariff. Every dollar he gets will buy more for him than when he loaned it, if Mills is true, and he can invest in French hats to his heart's content.

Now I do not claim for myself that free trade will allow $1 to do the work of $2; I am only taking the figures my opponents and believe them as if they were true. I claim that the one thing that free trade will cheapen is the price of labor. It will not lower the price of bread one cent, for the price now is regulated by the foreign demand. It will not lower the price of pork, nor potatoes, nor mutton. If farmers get less for their wool they will have less sheep. It will not lower the price of coffee or tea.

What delightful state of society does the free trader ask us to contemplate? In an intelligent report from one of our consuls in Germany, he says of that country: "Four persons are expected to get a month's supply of food for $8.50." And in England the number of paupers in 1887 was one to every eighteen of the population, while in the same year the number in the United States was one in 562 of the population.

It is proposed, in cold blood, in the name of "sentiment," and of "the brotherhood of men," to make our workmen and European workmen equal; not by building those up to our higher level, but by dragging us down to their miserable condition. Will a man work for 50 cents per day less, for 300 days in the year, that he may save $3 on a suit of clothes? Look at the goods you consume in your family. Every article of cotton is now made of free cotton; there is no reduction to be made there. Admit, if you please, that the wool tariff will add and does add a trifle to your expense for wool goods. How much do you buy in a year? How many days do you work to pay that increased price?

The workman buys a good suit of clothes in England for $10, says free trade Mills. Bless this stupid soul, Mr. Mockett will sell him a suit of all wool, every thread warranted in the cloth, every seam warranted not to break or tear, for $10, and throw him in a 50 cent hat! These parrots do not know their own markets, yet they prate about the markets of Europe! Ten dollars did I say, in Toledo? Yes, you can get a very fair suit of clothes in Toledo for $5, in this year of grace, 1888, and Cleveland still President.

Is not this low enough? Is the end and aim of life to buy everything down to the very quick? Go and ask the women, and men, and children who sew on these clothes six, yes, seven days of the week, as to their wages. Shall we squeeze them down still lower, that Mr. Mills may be happy?

One of the strangest things to me is this infernal craze for cheap goods; cheap goods! To save five cents on an article, women particularly will run all over town. To be able to undersell a competitor, and to meet this idiotic demand for "bargains," dealers squeeze the manufacturer down; the manufacturer puts the screws on his help, and we save five cents on a hat, while the woman who pressed it goes supperless to bed.

I don't wonder that workingmen are losing faith in churches, or that people are asking "Is Christianity a failure?" The old motto, "Live and let live," has been stored away in garrets, and instead, it is, "Live! Let others die if they choose."

We are yearly cheapening our goods by using more and better machinery, and the day is coming when we can compete with the world, if we desire to; but we shall do this in part by helping the world up to our level. In Germany statistics show that, since the tariff enactments, wages have advanced in shops 15 per cent. If the good work will go on, the day will come when the world will be one in giving fair wages to labor.

There is nothing so bright in this land as the hope she holds out to all men of bettering their condition. This hope is realized in ourselves or in our children, because a wise policy of trade prevents the rotten system of the old countries from reaching us here. But with free trade, says Mills, you can then get a suit of clothes for $10! Come to Toledo, Cheap Roger, and get them now!

WM. H. MAHER.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Sir Morell Mackenzie is to be one of the lecturers at the Edinburg Philosophical Institution during the winter if he survives the duel he isn't going to fight with Prof. Bergmann.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Old Soldiers and Politics.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Will you admit a cripple that can't carry a rail to a place around your fire, to-night? I am so much surprised that even one of our soldiers will think of voting the Democratic ticket. It seems to me that a little history of that party ought to settle one's mind on that matter at once. Commence with 1860, when "Old Buck" was our "so-called" President, treasury empty, bonds going begging at 12 per cent interest, states seceding, and he sitting there, saying, "Can't do anything, no right to coerce a state;" arms all shipped into the Southern states to be used against us when the time came for their use; every obstacle that the party could think of thrown in the way of the administration to hinder the speedy crushing out of the rebellion, and such men as Thurman, the great head of the Democratic party, aiding in every way possible, except going into the fight, to assist his friends of the South, and the party is just as disloyal to-day as in 1861. In 1864, at the National Democratic convention, they voted the war a failure, and did you ever think, "boys," what that meant to us in the field? Suppose that idea had been accepted by the North, and McClellan had been elected, what then? What would our property or lives have been worth? Then look at the hindrances to reconstruction. Think of the lives lost, and money spent, on account of the prolongation of the war, by the moral support given by that party, the hopes inspired in our enemies. No, boys, the old fogy Democratic party has always been on the wrong side of everything. It was always a friend to the oppressor, to slavery, to the saloon, an enemy to our government, because it always has aided its enemies whether in the South or in Europe. You can't mention the act of that party in the way of progress for the material interest of our nation. The Republican party has advanced against the bitter opposition of the Dems, made all the great national improvements, fostered our manufacturing and mining enterprises. Railroads for the settlement of the great West, and all such ventures have met with the unfailing opposition. What were our manufactures before the war, what did the Republican party do, with all the opposition of the Democratic party? An empty treasury, no credit, a dissolved union, etc. It is as true to the interests of our government to-day as in 1861 and with a great man as Harrison is for President we can progress not retrograde, and "boys," let us move on shoulder to shoulder and win another victory over the "solid south." Who does that man we have to call our President depend on for his election? I know if the South could all vote he would not carry all the South. Only think, the South said at the beginning of the war, that one Southerner could whip five Yankees, and now one Southerner votes as much as five Yankees. Will we stand it? I say, "no."—O. S. JONES, 1st sergeant Co. B, 43d Regt., W. V. I., Plattsville, Wis.

The Soldier's Duty.

On the 6th of November next the American people will have another opportunity of electing a President for the ensuing four years. One of two men must be elected to this high and honorable position. The choice lies between General Harrison, the nominee of the Republican party, and Grover Cleveland, the Democratic standard-bearer. The ex-union soldiers, were they united, are strong enough to hold the balance of power and by their united votes might decide the election. While I believe that a large majority of the soldier vote will be cast for our old comrade in arms, General Harrison, I cannot deny the fact that many veterans, as loyal and brave as we claim to be, are doing everything in their power to defeat his election. In times like this, when political prejudice is at its flow, when every other consideration is subordinated to party success, we are apt to judge harshly of the motives that influence the political acts of our opponents. Party ties and associations are stronger than personal interest, and I have no doubt that thousands of soldiers will vote for Cleveland in November from the force of habit rather than from honest political conviction.

To me this is inexplicable. I cannot understand what consideration can induce a soldier to blackball a man who has shared the hardships and dangers of the camp and field with him, and vote for a man who never had a feeling in common with him, a strong, healthy, robust man, in the prime of life and without family ties to bind him to home, who would shirk the responsibilities of a good citizen of the republic, disregard the calls of his country when its life was threatened, to enjoy in a safe position in the rear the blessings of peace, purchased with the blood of his fellow men, is unfit to govern a free people. The President of the nation should be a man who will consider his own interests of secondary moment, and the welfare not only of any party or state, but of the whole union, of paramount importance; his main study should be, not to secure the temporary eulogies of favor

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

English Immigration.

512—Frank P. G., Sciota Vale, Pa.:

1. What is the number of emigrants from England that have come to the United States in the last year, as a Democratic orator not long since said there was no emigration scarcely from there. 2. What is the value of all salt consumed in the United States, and what proportion does the United States make. 3. Is there, or has there ever been, any duty on tea.

1. We cannot find exact figures similar for the last year relative to English immigration, but reports show no perceptible falling off of the immigration from the British isles. If your Democratic friend seeks to treat lightly the great influx of British laborers into this country, show him the following figures which, on a yearly average, still hold good:

For 67 years, from 1820 to 1886 inclusive, England sent over here 1,353,406 emigrants; Ireland, 3,242,919; Scotland, 267,357; Wales, 27,020; Great Britain, not specfied, 793,267; total from British Isles, 5,688,969. The immigration from various foreign countries last year was 490,109. At this rate you can easily see that the policy of protection imaugurated by the Republican party is a necessity. If we do not protect our home industries when a half a million immigrants are arriving in our country annually, where will the laboring man find himself a few years hence? Open our ports for free trade entry of European manufactures at prices that compel our home manufacturers to close their factories, thereby turning our American laborers into the ranks of the half a million immigrants arriving each year, and the industries of this country would be on a par with England ten years hence? Yet, with these facts staring them in the face there are men foolish enough to vote for free trade. 2. In 1880 the total bushels of salt produced in the United States was 29,800,-298, valued at $4,817,656. 3. Tea and coffee have been on the free list since 1872.

Republican or Democrat.

513—R. F. Spry, Spearfish, Dak.:

1. Will you please tell me the difference between a Democrat and a Republican? 2. Is it true that the Republicans refuse to bet on the election, as stated by Democratic papers?

1. The Republican desires to protect American industries, our manufactures and products, and to furnish a fair remuneration to the laboring man for his toil by a protective tariff on foreign competition. He believes in free trade in all those articles not produced in this country, and it is to their personal interest to protect our home industries, thus ensuring a continuance of the advancing march of the American people. The young man who votes the Democrat ticket the first year, votes to surrender his country, a few years thence, to the control of the English manufacturers, and reduce his chances of obtaining a competency, by the introduction of the foreign article of labor, which means living in hovels and a hand-to-hand struggle with starvation. That the Democratic party are willing to sacrifice the interests of this country for personal aggrandizement is shown forcibly enough in their action relative to the admission of Dakota (your territory) into the Union. President Cleveland's administration is arraigned for many questionable actions, among the most flagrant is the disfranchisement of 700,000 American citizens in your territory for partisan reasons. This policy is pursued by the unscrupulous administration for fear that the admission of Dakota might affect the result in the electoral college which is so closely balanced that the power of the Solid South and two or three Northern states to seize the President may be disturbed if 700,000 citizens of Dakota are admitted to their rightful inheritance. The whole difference between a Republican and Democrat —according to the issues before the people in a line is: shall Americans conduct American interests or surrender our markets and our industries to foreign control? Republicans are ready to take all the election bets, and are offering odds in favor of Harrison.

Cleveland's Violation.

514—G. V. Hegewisch, Ill.:

1. Is there any law against a President contributing money towards his re-election? 2. Is not John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, speaker of the House. If so does he not act as Vice President. 3. Did not President Cleveland, in his letter of acceptance, violate the law?

1. It is a violation of the civil service law. 2. No. He is President *pro tempore* of the Senate. There is no Vice President. Under a new law, Ingall's would not become President in case of Cleveland's death, but the succession would vest in the Cabinet, beginning with the Secretary of State. 3. He endorsed measures that would ultimately lead to free trade. His administration has been singularly favorable to the interests of England and the introduction of cheap foreign goods and pauper laborers into this country, tending to destroy our home manufactories and ruining the present scale of wages paid to American workingmen.

Election Bets—Maine Law.

515—L. E. Y., Darien, N. Y.:

1. Does the holding of the stakes in a bet debar a person from voting? 2. Did the Republicans or Democrats pass the first prohibitory law in Maine, and what was the penalty?

1. In a strict enforcement of the law he would in New York state, but not in Ohio. Any person betting on the result of an election is debarred from voting. In our opinion the stakeholder becomes a party to the bet, and would therefore not be a legal voter. 2. The Maine prohibitory law was first enacted in 1846, the political character of the legislature was Democratic. The law now in force was re-enacted in 1858. It was submitted to the people and ratified by a majority vote of 22,952, and is successfully enforced.

Our Revenue Receipts.

516—S. D. Newbro, North Lansing, Mich.:

Please give the name or title of official public document from which you obtain that the "internal revenue receipts on domestic spirits for 1887 were $1,238,570,643, and on fermented liquors $247,945,599." Together the amount is $1,-506,516,242. (Tobacco is not in the count.) See answer 426 last QUESTION BUREAU. Then see 437—customs 1887—$5,858,971,676—and internal revenue 1887—$3,568,289,457. These two sums together amount to over nine thousand million dollars. Next, what becomes of the money? The common idea is we get about $213,000,000 from tariff and about $120,000,000 from internal revenue—together about $333,000,000—and that more than is needed to meet the common expenses of the government—hence surplus.

The figures $5,858,971,676 represent the customs receipts from March 4, 1789, to June 30, 1887, and not for a single year. The customs receipts for the year 1887 were $217,286,893. The internal revenue up to 1887, $3,568,289,-407, was also for the above period. Internal revenue for the year 1887 was $118,823,591. You figure, consequently, on a basis of gross receipts for nearly 100 years instead of one year. The same applies to internal revenue receipts on domestic spirits up to 1887, i. e., $1,-238,570,643. The receipts for the year 1887 being $65,829,322, and on fermented liquors entire receipts $247,945,599, for year 1887, $21,-922,187. The total receipts in both cases up to the year 1887 were quoted instead of receipts for the single year. Hence the difference. Through a misprint of the question the answer is misconstrued.

Democratic Nonsense.

517—G. R. M., Wilmington, O.:

The Democrats of this county claim that the Republicans passed, in 1864-4 a law empowering contractors to employ pauper labor in foreign countries and bring it here to underbid our own laborers, and that said law was never repealed until a Democratic house passed upon it in 1873-4. And that the Democrats passed a law in 1885 requiring emigrants to give proof of means of support before landing.

A law encouraging immigration twenty years ago is no criterion to go by at this time. The whole question has changed, owing to an undesirable class of immigration now crowding the avenues of American labor. Twenty years ago immigration was encouraged by both parties and our people desired to populate the vast expanse of unsettled lands in the West. A Democrat who goes back to the struggling days of the nation for an argument in this campaign is hard pressed for material.

Carriage Varnish.

518—J. C. J., Marion, Kan.:

Please send a receipt for making coach varnish and dressing for the top.

Pelo African copal, 8 pounds; fuse and add clarified linseed oil, 2½ gallons; boil till very stringy, then add dried copperas and litharge of each ¼ pound; boil as before directed, thin with oil of turpentine, 5½ gallons; mix while hot with the following varnish, and immediately strain the mixture into a covered vessel: Gum anime 8 pounds; clarified linseed oil 2½ gallons; dried sugar of lead and litharge of each ¼ pound; boil as before, thin with oil of turpentine 5½ gallons, and mix it while hot with the last varnish as above directed. Dries in 4 hours in summer and 6 in winter.

Origination of Parties.

519—A Reader:

Please tell where and when the Democrat and Republican parties originated, and which is the oldest.

The first national convention of the Republican party met at Philadelphia, June 18, 1856, and nominated John C. Fremont for President and William L. Dayton for Vice-President. It was made up of former adherents to native and independent Democrats, Abolitionists and Whig parties opposed to slavery. From this party the present Republican party has grown. The only one Republican party that closed its first national administration in 1802. During the Ninth Congress which was assembled in December, 1805, the Republicans dropped their name and accepted that of Democrats. In all their earlier strifes they had been charged by their opponents with desiring to run to the extremes of the democratic or "mob rule," and fear of too general a belief in the truth of the charge lead them to denials and rejection of their former name. From the ninth Congress the Jeffersonian Republicans called themselves Democrats, and the word Republican passed into disuse until later on in the history of our political parties. The issues that arose in the discussion of the slavery question, drew the dividing line and laid the foundation for the present Democratic party.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 20 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Miscellaneous.

520—J. F. R., Carlton, Neb.:

1. Did the Louisiana purchase extend to the Pacific ocean? 2. Is there any coal in Wisconsin? 3. Please give as much history of Dewy as you have to spare. I think he was one of the early French explorers.

1. The region comprehended in this purchase included all the country west of the Mississippi river not occupied by Spain, as far north as British territory, and comprises the whole or part of the present states of Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska and Oregon, also the intervening territories between the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean. 2. Yes. 3. You must send full names of persons or we cannot undertake to give a biographical sketch. There are several important personages by the name of Dewy.

521—J. H. P., Lenzburg, Ill.:

Some of the Democrats deny that Cleveland ever issued an order for the returning of the Confederate flags. Please give his order in your next issue, also his order rescinding his first order, and settle a dispute.

Adjutant General Drum issued the order, and President Cleveland endorsed it.

522—D. M. C., Pleasantville, O.:

Read the BLADE tariff primer.

523—G. L., Montgomery, Vt.:

Your questions have been answered by the QUESTION BUREAU.

524—A. K. P., Lindsay, Neb.:

Apply to any bookstore.

525—Enquirer, Weyauwega, Wis.:

Your question is not of general interest to BLADE readers.

526—F. R. P., St. Joseph, Mo.:

Your question will not interest BLADE readers.

527—J. H. P., Byron, N. Y.:

It is asserted by third party men that the men at present upon the Republican Central Committee are mainly liquor men of the worst type.

The statement is not true.

528—A. W., Bellevue, Iowa:

Your local book dealer will order for you.

529—T. S. K., Oak Ridge, Wis.:

Please send me a good Republican speech, suitable for election day, on tariff and free trade.

Read Hon. James G. Blaine's speech, in last week's BLADE.

530—W. H. B., Mt. Vernon, O.:

1. Were the 1,169 votes received in New York by Grover Cleveland a majority or a plurality? 2. Are railroad fares less in England than in the United States?

1. Cleveland's plurality was 1,047. 2. No.

531—John G. N., Cumminsville, O.:

Apply by letter to the commissioner of public lands, Washington, D. C.:

532—J. B., High Point, N. C.:

You must serve an apprenticeship and get a license to run an engine. We do not know of any book on the subject.

533—J. W. S., jr., Tice, Ky.:

Your questions were answered in the news columns. Calvin S. Brice was ousted from the chairmanship of the Democratic national committee for incompetency, and Gorman is now the manager of the Democratic campaign.

534—G. B., Windsor, Mo.:

The importation of wheat is so small that we have no reliable statistics on the subject.

535—O. P. L., Twelve Mile, Ind.:

Which party has the most wholesale liquor men?

Nine-tenths of them are Democrats, so far as our personal knowledge extends.

536—J. A. G., Belvidere, Ill.:

There are no statistics on the subject.

537—C. W., Warsaw, N. Y.:

The rightful owners cannot be determined until the litigation ceases.

538—A. M. A., Cuba Ill.:

1. What is the duty on coal and what is bituminous coal? 2. Is Mayor Roche, of Chicago, a Republican or Democrat? 3. Were the Chicago boodlers Republicans or Democrats.

1. 54 cents per ton. Bituminous coal, though still hard, breaks more easily and more irregularly, often dividing into large cubic pieces, in the plane of stratification and by cleavage. It is generally quite black, still with some lustre, contains less carbon, with a large proportion of inflammable substance than anthracite, and therefore, takes fire more easily and rapidly and burns with a bright yellow flame. 2. Republican. 3. They represented both parties.

539—A. L. S., Naugantuck, Conn.:

Every alternate on opposite sides of the road is right.

540—E. W., Bernal, Kan.:

1. What is the address of Senator J. J. Ingalis? 2. Is the regular army in as good condition for fighting now as it was four years ago? 3. Did Mr. Estee, chairman of the Republican convention, ever turn off American laborers and hire Chinese laborers for a certain work when he was in California?

1. Atchison, Kansas. 2. Yes. 3. It is not probable. However, if he did it signifies nothing, as it is the custom in California to employ Chinese in every industry.

541—J. B., Bell Center, O.:

Read answer in QUESTION BUREAU this week headed Our Revenue Receipts.

542—C. E., Clinton, Iowa:

If a young voter lacks about three days of being of age, will they challenge his vote?

Yes.

543—Q. E., Northville, Dak.:

Has any one a right to cultivate school land in the territory of Dakota? Would there be any penalty for so doing?

We do not believe you have any more right to trespass on school land than on the land of your neighbor. A penalty is probably defined in your statutes.

544—E. M. W., La Crosse, Wis.:

The operations of the Chicago Board of Trade are familiar to a majority of BLADE readers and would not be of general interest reproduced in the QUESTION BUREAU.

545—J. A., Sigourney, Ia.:

Will you tell me through the BLADE all you know about palm leaf fans?

Palm leaf fans are made from the dried leaves of the Corypha palm trees, of Central and South America.

546—B. F. M., Lancaster, O.:

Write to the county clerk of that county for information.

547—C. W. K., El Dorado, Mo.:

Can one candidate for President get a part of the electoral vote of a certain state and another the rest?

The electors are pledged to vote for the candidate of the party that elects them. A majority for either party in a state insures the casting of the electoral vote of that state for the successful candidate in that state.

548—W. L. M., Durango, Colo.:

We have not space for the publication of so many resolutions.

549—R. M. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.:

1. Tell me whether or not Mexico is considered a healthy country, or is it subject to epidemics, such as cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, etc. 2. Are the natives friendly toward Americans. 3. What is the population of the City of Mexico?

1. Healthy on the table-lands of the interior; low coast very unhealthy and subject to cholera, yellow fever, etc. 2. Not very. 3. 300,000.

550—Mrs. J. C. C., Indian Springs, Fla.:

Would you be so kind as to answer the following questions: 1. Are there any Jews Free Masons? 2. Are secret societies beneficial or injurious to the person in the freest ages?

It would require too much space, and not be of enough interest to our readers at large.

568—E. H. F.:

We have published the popular vote for 1860 and 64. The soldier vote was included.

569—R. D. H., Weatherford, Tex.:

I have charged Cleveland: 1. With violating the law in failing to appropriate the surplus by payment on government debt. 2. With depositing some $60,000,000 of the surplus in banks without interest, and that Chairman Brice derives direct benefit therefrom.

Your charges are well founded.

570—F. C. A., Cyclone, O.:

Will you inform your readers without unnecessary delay what were the amounts of exports of the United States from 1850 to 1860, and also from 1870 to 1880, excluding from both periods agricultural products and gold—in short, what were the amounts of exports of manufactures during those periods.

Total exports of merchandise from 1850 to 1860 amounted to $176,435,909. Total exports from 1870 to 1880 amounted to $1160,-234,807. This includes all kinds of merchandise and manufactured articles, aside from agricultural products and coin and bullion.

571—W. T. C. S., Troy, Colo.:

What's the value of a fifty cent silver piece of 1811, also one coined in 1826?

Whatever you can make a coin collector pay for them.

572—Mrs. M. E. L., Kasson, Kan.:

Consult the advertising columns.

573—Jennie V. Haywood, Ripon, Wis.:

Please locate and discribe No Man's Land.

Read the BLADE QUESTION BUREAU of August 25, 1887.

574—C. H. J., Middletown, Mo.:

You will find your question answered in the QUESTION BUREAU this week.

575—L. S., Yellow Creek, Ill.:

We have the authority of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* for denying that any Republicans belong to the tariff reform league in that city.

576—W. S. W., Philipsburg, M. T.:

Consult the advertising columns.

577—R. W. K., Versailles, Ill.:

It was one of Nasby's fictions.

To promise and to keep your word are two different things. We promise that Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills afford a pleasant and immediate relief. Try them and see if the promise is not kept. Price 25 cents per bottle.

THE BOWERY PARROT.

A Crowd Surrounds It, But the Foolish Bird Keeps up Its Cry.

New York Press.

The Bowery parrot was surrounded yesterday by a throng of amused passers by. Many of those who listened to the bird have at various times made hopeless efforts to point out the folly of its cry. "The tariff is a tax," but all to no purpose.

Like the Democracy the bird has been battered by argument, humiliated by exposure, made ridiculous by aggressive statements of fact and plucked of its pretensions by its actual record. In spite of this the woe begone bird, like the grief stricken Democracy, still shrieks in hoarse, comfortless tones:

"The tariff is a tax."

"A tax, you say!" exclaimed a silver toned orator on his way to a Republican mass meeting. "Yes, the tariff is a tax, you cheerless, crest fallen remnant of the forlorn Democratic hope," continued the orator, and then amid frequent cheers of the wage earners assembled around the bird he said:

"The tariff has 'taxed' this country to such an extent that in twenty-five years of it we have increased our population 20,-000,000. Our cities have been 'taxed' until their population has doubled. It has 'taxed' our coal mines until they now yield over 100,000,000 tons annually instead of 14,000,000. It has 'taxed' our iron ore deposits until the annual product is 10,-000,000 tons instead of 1,000,000 tons.

"Yes, it has 'taxed' our railroads until, instead of 35,085 miles in 1865, we have to-day 150,000 miles; that instead of moving 70,000,000 tons we are now moving 552,-000,000 tons, while the value of that tonnage has increased from $2,213,400,000 in 1865 to $13,043,250,000 in 1887." [Applause from the bystanders and "the tariff is a tax" from the parrot.]

"Yes, a tax," resumed the orator. "Turning to the manufacturing industries, it has 'taxed' the metal industries until an army of nearly 400,000 has taken the place of 53,000 so engaged in 1860; the wool industries until 350,000 persons are employed instead of 130,000; the woolen and worsted industries, until in place of 60,-000 persons we find nearer 200,000 in our numerous mills. It has 'taxed' England out of 60,000,000 of customers in the cotton and carpet industries, and if allowed to continue, will 'tax' her to hold her own in the pottery, glass, earthenware, chamical and a score of other important industries.

"Glance at the agricultural industry and we find that the poor farmer has likewise been 'taxed' by this infamous tariff. Under it the value of farms has increased from $2,000,000 to 4,000,000, and their value increased from $6,000,000,-000 to $10,000,000,000. The land has been so 'taxed' that in place of yielding 1,230,000,000 bushels of grain it now yields 3,000,000,000 bushels annually. Our live stock have been 'taxed' until their value from $1,000,000,000 far exceeds $2,000,000,000. Our poor sheep have been 'taxed' until the wool product here at home from 60,000,000 pounds has gone up to up to 300,000,000 pounds. And while the tariff has been 'taxing' the resources of our country until we have developed more wealth than any other nation on earth, it has 'taxed' the capitalists to such an extent that they are obliged to pay higher wages to the producers of wealth than the capitalists of any other country in the world."

"The tariff is a tax!" screamed the foolish Democratic bird.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., July 4, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—Five years ago I was so unfortunate as to contract an extremely bad case of blood poison. My bones ached and my muscles began to swell and contract. I was under treatment of the physician from the inception of the disease until I found that he could do me no good. Then, through the advice of a friend I began taking S. S. S. Your medicine seemed to have an immediate effect. I took six bottles, and to-day am sound and well. That was two or three years ago, but I have seen no evidence of the return of the disease, and I take this opportunity to thank you for what it has done for me. It saved my life. You can refer any one to me.

R. M. WALL.

FARMERSVILLE, TEX., June 22, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—The mother of a member of our firm was afflicted with a cancerous sore on her face for about twenty years. During the past few years it troubled her very much by continued pain and itching. She used your S. S. S., and the sore has disappeared and is apparently well. Should it break out again, will advise you.

Yours very truly,

PENDLETON, YEARLY & RILEY, Druggists.

Three books mailed free on application. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3. Atlanta, Ga.

Jesse James's Luck.

Jesse James, Jr., only heir of the great land pirate, is 15 years of age, and—strange irony of facts—works for T. T. Crittenden and his sons, for that very governor of Missouri who hounded his father to death, and received his uncle Frank after the surrender of the latter. The story of the boy's engagement to work in Crittenden's real estate office is interesting. The boy, it appears, answered an advertisement for an office boy. Half a dozen other eager applicants were before him.

Crittenden asked him what he could do.

"I'll fight, run a foot race, or write a letter with any of these kids for the job," answered the irrigated Jesse.

"Write a letter," sai l Crittenden.

Jesse complied, and proved to write a better hand than any other applicant.

"What is your name!" asked the ex governor kindly.

"Jesse James, Jr.," answered the boy.

Doubtless Ex Governor Crittenden was as surprised that he was about to hire the son of the murderous assassin, whom he hired the assassins to kill, as the boy and his mother were to learn that the former's employer was the ex-governor.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

The Doctor's Prescription.

"What would you advise, doctor?" groaned the young man the next morning after the banquet.

"My advice, sir," replied the physician, after feeling of his caller's pulse, examining his tongue and pondering deeply a few moments, "is that you give up all thought of business for the day, return to your residence, retire to your own apartments, have some water heated to the boiling point, procure a number of clean cotton bandages, dip them carefully in the water, apply them to the head as hot as you can bear them, and keep them constantly moistened, replacing each bandage by a fresh one as soon as it becomes noticeably reduced in temperature. Maintain this method of treatment for six hours and you will be relieved."

"Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated the young man an hour or two later while carrying out these instructions. "I paid that doctor $5 for telling me to go home and soak my head!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Imagine the Annunciator.

According to a calculation by the Rev. A. C. Hirst, of Baltimore, heaven contains 5,759,750,000,000 rooms, 19 by 16 feet.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

IT MAKES HIM WEARY.

Oh, it fills me with
Vexation, and righteous indig-
Nation, when a man comes
Up and asks me do I think
New York is sure; for
I wonder at his meaning,
Towards what party he's a-
Leaning, and if he is
Attempting my opinion to allure.

And the man with the
Bandana, who is fresh
From Indiana, and talks
To me of Harrison—to
Pump me, that's
His lay; or the man who's
Half seas over, and sputters
About Grover, why he's another
Borer and I wish him far away.

Why can't some brave
Inventor on saving life
Intent, or, determined to destroy
The fools who occupy
My time, devise some
Patent system that into
Knots will twist 'em, out of
Shape and out of symmetry—
Just like this little rhyme?

Chicago Times.

A Day's Fishing.

Citizen (late at night trying the door of the fish market): "Hi, there."

Voice from an upper window: "Vat vas de matter? Doth fish market vas closed alretty by 9 o'clock."

Citizen: "Well, you'll have to come down (hic) Dutchy and open her up. I tole'm' wife thish (hic) morn'n that I was (hic) goin' fishin' t'day and I want t'show her b'gosh that I'm a man of my word."—*The Epoch.*

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CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

Musical Almanac—September

1 MUSIC TEACHER RISES at his usual hour, and plans and dreams out a wide awake musical campaign.
2 awake musical campaign.
3 MUSIC TEACHER SETS his wits at work
4 to devise the best methods, and concludes
5 that there is no better way than to use Dit-
6 son & Co.'s Superior Music Books.
Write for catalogues, specimens and descriptions.
7 THE BEGINS TO FISH for engagements.
8 Catalogues arrive. He is favorably impressed
— with the following: ROYAL SINGER (60
— cts., or $6 dozen) for Singing Classes and
— High Schools; JEHOVAH PRAISE (50 cts.
— or $5 dozen) for Choirs, Classes, Conventions,
— Sacred and Secular music; SONG MAN-
— UAL (Book 1, 30 cts., Book 2, 40 cts.,) a
15 complete new music course for Schools;
— UNITED VOICES (50 cts. or $5 doz.) a
— collection of School Songs; PART-SONGS
— AND GLEES ($1, $9 doz.); ANTHEMS
— OF PRAISE ($1, or $9 doz.); DOW'S
— SACRED QUARTETTES FOR MALE
— VOICES ($1, has 92 good and new sacred
2 quartets—Just out. The Teacher concludes
— still to use the very successful RICHARD-
— SON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE
— PIANOFORTE ($5.00), has gladly availed
— himself of the new classic collections:
— PIANO CLASSICS ($1.00, CLASSICAL
— PIANIST ($1) and YOUNG PEOPLE'S
20 CLASSICS ($1.00), as containing the best
30 practice.

Any Book Mailed for Retail Price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

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30 New styles, gold oval, hidden name and border floral cards, with name, 10 cts. 25 new samples every month 4 cts. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

Your Name on 50 Fancy & Hid'n Name Cards, Outfit & 100 Pictures, all 10c. Game of Authors, 2c. Premium, 2c. Box Puzzle, 2c. The lot 20c. Geo. Card Co., Cliftonville, Conn.

Name on 25 New Hidden Name Cards, 75 Scrap Pictures, Floral Text Premium Album, Agt's Book and Sample, all for 10c. TUTTLE BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and Fancy Cards, with name, 10c. 50 for 25 cents. Agents Wanted. Outfit 4 cents. ROSE AND WILDE, Cold, Ohio.

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PENSIONS.—For all U. S. Soldiers disabled in service and line of duty. Pensions for Widows, Minors and Dependent Parents. Increase pension for those upon the pension roll. No fee unless successful. Send 50c in stamps for Digest of New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. S. BERLIN, Atty-at-Law, Box 392, Washington, D. C.

I WANT the name and address of every agent. FOR A SPECIAL PURPOSE. Send quick. Address W. E. McCHRISTIE, 139 Main, Cincinnati, O.

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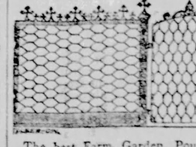
Awarded highest honors at

Philadelphia, 1876 | Melbourne, 1880
Berlin, 1877 | Frankfort, 1881
Paris, 1878 | Amsterdam, 1883
New Orleans, 1884-85.

Paris Medal on every bottle.

Beware of Imitations.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.



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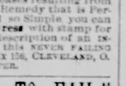

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Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE YEAR.

We have on our subscription lists a large number of campaign names, whose subscriptions expire during November. We ask these newcomers to send in their subscriptions for one year from the expiration of their present terms. It is not necessary to ask our old constituents to renew, as they always do. The BLADE is to them a household necessity. Our campaign subscribers should by that time be well enough acquainted with the BLADE'S merits to be willing to renew for the next year. With this week the political campaign closes, and from now on we shall make it a purely literary and news family weekly. During an important campaign we are obliged to devote so much space to political discussions that the real value of the paper for the remainder of the year is not so clearly seen. Our campaign subscribers can not certainly do any better than to renew for the Weekly BLADE, as it recognized by everybody as *the* representative model newspaper for general circulation, and is the only weekly paper in this country that has a circulation in every state and territory of the United States.

THIRD-PARTY PROHIBITION AND THE TARIFF.

The evident fact that the tariff issue is dividing the third party forces has become a matter of anxious concern to the managers of that organization. Their organs have been full of wild pleas that the tariff is only a trumped-up issue, and appeals to the friends of the third party to stand by it. Their pleas and arguments are embodied in a pamphlet headed, "Prohibition and the Tariff," which we propose to examine briefly by way of refutation.

This publication acknowledges the need of a revision of the tariff, but it declares that we find in both the Republican and Democratic parties men of every shade of opinion on the tariff, differing in the same party in opinion, or "agreeing entirely in their tariff views, while adhering to opposite parties." This statement is not true. The difference between the parties is as to the manner of the reduction; the Democratic party favoring a reduction which experience has proved will destroy the protective policy, the Republican party favoring a reduction which will preserve this.

After a page or so of verbiage which contains no argument, the really important part of this document is found in the answers to certain questions that were submitted to members of the United States Senate. The Republican Senators were asked:

As you understand it, is it the purpose of the Republican party to increase the tariff duties beyond the point where, on careful investigation, it is found necessary to place them that legitimate American manufacturers may compete with foreign rivals and pay the American scale of wages?

The question asked the Democratic senators was:

As you understand it, is it the purpose of the Democratic party to reduce the tariff duties below that point at which careful investigation shows it must stand, in order that American manufacturers may compete with foreign rivals?

The questions seem to have received little attention, for, out of the 76 members of the Senate, but ten replies are given. The Republicans who replied were Senators INGALLS, SAWYER, PLATT, SHERMAN and FRYE, and all answered "No" to the query propounded. The Democratic answers were from Senators BUTLER, PUGH, MCPHERSON, GEORGE and PASCO, and their replies were also all "No." Hence the pamphlet considers that the situation stands thus:

1. There is a certain rate deemed necessary by both parties to enable the American manufacturer to pay the American scale of wages and yet compete with the foreign producer.

2. Beyond this point the Republican party does not propose to go in adjusting the schedule.

3. Below this point the Democratic party does not intend to reduce the present tariff.

These conclusions are incorrect, because the Democrats and Republicans do not agree as to the location of that point. The Republicans know, from actual experience, that the present tariff is at that point as to most industrial products; the Democrats affect to believe that the manufacturers are making nearly 40 per cent more than a legitimate profit! The pamphlet assumes that both parties are agreed as to where that point is, when the fact is the division between them is on its location. Each party has a tariff measure formulated. The Democrats of the House, under the lead of Chairman MILLS, who acted directly under the President's inspiration, prepared and passed the Mills bill. This went to the Senate, where the Republican majority prepared a substitute—the Senate tariff bill. Now, these bills will tell the story and answer the questions truthfully. Let us look at the Mills bill, which was endorsed by the Democratic national convention at St. Louis, and see whether the five Senators gave truthful answers to the questions given above. We quote the following reductions made by the Mills bill from an official document from the Government printing office, being a "Comparison of the Present Schedule of Import Duties with the Schedule of the Mills Bill (H. R. 9051)," and ask the reader to determine for himself whether the reduction is not *below* that point at which careful investigation shows it must stand, in order that American manufacturers may compete with foreign rivals:"

Articles.	Per cent of reduction of Duty by Mills bill.
Carriages, and parts of	14
Glycerine, crude	100
Bicarbonate of soda	50
Caustic soda	50
Sal soda	50
Sulphate of soda	100
Copper ore	100
Copper clippings	67
Copper composition metal, in bars, &c.	50
Cotton thread, owing to value	19 to 25
Cotton cloths, owing to fineness and value	19 to 54
China and porcelain ware	20 to 27
China and porcelain ware, ornamented, etc.	17
Artificial flowers	30
Dressed flax	75
Flax undressed, flax straw, and tow	100
Hemp	100
Flax thread, twine, etc.	38
Flax yarns	67
Brown and bleached linens, ducks, canvas, handkerchiefs and lawns, etc.	29
Oil cloth foundations	38
Oil cloths	38
Cables and cordage	17 to 24
Window glass, according to size	12 to 38
Pig iron	11
Bar iron	10
Flat rolled iron	13
Steel rails	36
Cotton ties	100
Cast iron pipe	40
Chains, ¾ inch or less diameter	29
Chains, ¾ to ⅜ inch	25
Chains, less than ⅜ inch	20
Files, rasps, etc	32 to 46
Hammers, sledges, etc	40
Hollow-ware, coated or tinned	17
Horse-shoes	25
Cut nails	20
Horse-shoe nails, wire nails, etc	38
Rivets, bolts, hinges, etc	40
Boiler tubes	50
Other tubes or pipes	33
Linseed oil	40
Printing paper	20
Printing paper, sized	25
Tallow	100
Salt	100
Ordinary soap	100
Corn starch	50
Beans or peas	100
Vegetables in natural state, or in salt or lime	100
Beeswax	100
Hewn, sawed, or square timber	100
Boards and planks, finished or unfinished, planed or grooved	100
Hubs, laths, pickets, shingles, box-shooks, staves	100
Finished furniture	14
Wool, of all kinds	100
Wool blankets	37 to 50
Carpets	13 to 46
Ladies' cloaks, ulsters, jackets, etc.	34
Readymade clothing	17
Woolen cloth, according to value	42 and 55
Women's and children's dress goods	32 and 41
Flannels, according to value	40 to 46
Wool hats, " " "	23 to 53
Knit goods, " " "	36 to 53
Shawls, " " "	35 to 55
Yarns, woolen or worsted	41 and 42
All other manufactures of wool	38 to 55
Worsted goods	41 to 48

The above does not embrace one-quarter of the reductions made by the Mills bill. Remember, the figures show what per cent of the present duty it is proposed to take off by the Mills bill. Where the reduction is 100 per cent, of course the whole duty is taken off, and the article placed on the free list.

Now, remember this additional fact: that the duty at present imposed is, in a majority of instances, the measure of the difference in the cost of production between this and other countries; and this difference is chiefly in the higher wages we pay here. Now, if reductions like these proposed are made in the duty, what must our manufacturers take it from, to reduce the cost of making, so as to be able to compete? Everybody knows it will come off the labor involved. Take the first item—14 per cent reduction in the duty on carriages and parts of carriages. That means that 14 per cent will be cut off the wages of carriage makers. The same is true of the various chemical products that come next; it is true of the workers in thread mills and cotton mills; of the workers in china potteries.

Next the farmer will have his profits never too large, cut on flax and hemp, and the workers in flax mills, rope walks, etc., will have to stand a reduction. The glass-workers come next. Then follows the reduction on iron. We have taken but a few of the many reductions, using only articles well known to everybody. Labor is from 75 to 85 per cent of the cost of all products in iron and steel. Note the reductions, and consider that they mean, practically, that many cents cut off of every dollar the iron-worker earns, and tell us whether the Mills bill does not mean to reduce wages!

We have not space to comment on the whole list, but ask the attention of the reader to all. Note especially the terrible cutting of the wool schedule. We have not given one-half of the different items. Farmers will note that the Mills bill proposes to admit all kinds of wool free. They had a little experience in wool reduction in 1883, and they know how that worked. What, then, can be said for a complete sweeping away of the duties on imported wool? Ask any wool grower, and he will tell you that it means ruin to him. Ask the operatives in woolen mills what the reductions on woolen goods mean, and they will tell you it means a reduction of as many cents on every dollar of their wages.

We think it is plain that the third-party pamphlet is in error in assuming that the tariff issue is "an artificial one," and that, on the contrary, it is a living, burning issue. More than that, it must be met at this time. The election of November 6 decides whether the Democratic policy of reduction is to be pursued, or whether the protective policy is to be followed, by the election of the next Congress, and of a President to execute the laws that Congress shall pass.

Hence, the conclusion is inevitable that the voters of the land should vote as they feel on the tariff. They can only do this by voting either the Republican or the Democratic ticket. To vote with the third party, or any other party, is to throw away your vote. Drop the third party, for it is not needed to solve the Prohibition problem. What is needed is fundamental work—education as to the evils of the Rum traffic, not the building up of a separate party. When the majority of the American people are thoroughly awakened to the magnitude of the curse of Rum, they will unite, without distinction of party, in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

ONE of the most striking illustrations of the necessity of a protective tariff was given on the 25th, in Colorado. A Denver street railway company had advertised for bids for 5,000 tons of iron castings. There were a number of bids from rival American iron-foundry companies, the lowest of which was $38.90 a ton; but the lowest bid, and the one to which the contract was finally awarded, was by the proprietors of cheap-labor iron-foundries of Bradford, England, who bid $38—ninety cents less per ton than the lowest American bid—notwithstanding the fact that all the American bidders had figured down as closely as possible without running the risk of losing money in the operation. The difference in iron-molders' wages in England and the United States is indicated by the figures $1.50 and $2.75 a day.

THE Waco, Texas, *Examiner*, which is energetically supporting CLEVELAND and advocating the re-election of MILLS to Congress, in speaking of the pension laws, says editorially:

The Yankees whipped us; that is all right, but is it any reason the South should remain the Yankees' slaves forever? The Democrats ought to be getting strong enough to denounce the pension frauds which rob the people annually of $80,000,000.

There you have it. Give them another lease of power, and a crusade against paying any pensions to Union veterans is to be inaugurated.

"DOES protection affect wages?" Under the last Democratic low tariff journeymen plasterers were paid at the rate of $1.75 per day; now they receive $3. Bricklayers were paid $2.50 per day; now they receive $3.50 per day. Hod-carriers were paid $1.25 per day; now they receive $2 for the same work. Carpenters were paid from $1.35 to $1.50 per day; now they get from $1.75 to $2.25, according to the grade of the workman. So it runs through all classes of work. Such facts are a complete answer.

JAY GOULD, in a conversation with Mr. CAMMACK at a New York hotel a few days ago, admitted that he was supporting Mr. CLEVELAND. In this connection it is whispered about the metropolis that he has drawn his check for $100,000 for the Democratic campaign fund. It is only necessary for the voters of this country who are opposed to railway and telegraph monopolies to know certainly who Mr. GOULD regards as his friends, for them to vote the other way.

MRS. ROSCOE CONKLING'S contribution of $50 to the "Conkling Unconditionals," a Harrison and Morton club in Utica, N. Y., composed almost wholly of "stalwarts," may be looked upon as an evidence that the Oneida county followers of the late senator are in line with the Republican party in the present campaign.

THE BLADE'S CLOSING WORDS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We shall be able, in the next issue of the Weekly BLADE, to announce the result of the Presidential election, and, so far as we are able to judge, we believe that it will be an announcement of the triumph of Republicanism and protection through the election of HARRISON and MORTON. And, by way of closing the BLADE'S energetic work for this triumph, we wish to appeal to all voters who are readers of the BLADE, not to allow *anything* to interfere with your casting your vote on next Tuesday for HARRISON, MORTON and protection.

The free trade Democrats are desperate, in the shadow of swift-coming defeat. They will resort to any and every trick that can be devised to snatch victory at the last.

Remember the Morey letter in the Garfield campaign, and do not allow yourselves to credit any campaign lie that may be sprung at the last moment by unscrupulous Democratic politicians.

Don't be persuaded by specious arguments to vote for any but the Republican candidates for Presidential and Vice Presidential electors, and for Representative in Congress.

Be sure that you vote yourself, and that every Republican neighbor of yours votes also on next Tuesday. Victory is surely ours if the Republicans do their duty.

There is but one issue in this campaign, and that is protection vs. free trade. Vote for your own country, and not for Great Britain or any other foreign land.

DEMOCRATIC DESPERATION.

The drift of the political tide is against the free trade Democracy. This is too patent to be mistaken, and the fact carries dismay to the party managers. They know that CLEVELAND is defeated unless they can in some way overcome the honest majority in the states which have free elections. There are two courses that they seem inclined to follow—to purchase votes when this can be done; and to use falsehoods to change votes at the last moment.

The Democratic national committee has an enormous amount of money, and is collecting more continually. Never were department clerks, postmasters, postal clerks and all other federal employes so persistently bled as they have been during this campaign. For years the Democratic orators grew eloquent upon the stump because Republican officials contributed to campaign funds, and Democratic newspapers shrieked in unison for civil service reform so that "political assessments" should be stopped.

Now they have the government, and there never was so vast a corruption fund raised. The demand on every office-holder has been, "your money or your office." The trusts and monopolists poured in their thousands, from JAY GOULD down; CLEVELAND set the pattern for his Cabinet with his $10,000 check. And what is to be done with the enormous sum collected? The legitimate needs of the campaign could not use it. There is but one conclusion—that it is to be used on election day to corrupt voters, to use in bribery of election officers and fraud at the polls.

Information has been received at Republican headquarters from what are deemed authentic sources that the Democratic managers are also preparing to deluge the country, during the closing days of the campaign, when it will be too late for authoritative contradiction, with a series of sensational stories, calculated to prejudice the chances of HARRISON and MORTON.

It is to be the same tactics as the Morey letter forgery of 1880. It is to be the last desperate effort of the Democratic leaders to stem and, if possible, roll back the tide of popular feeling which is now setting so strongly to the Republican side. There is no doubt that they will attempt to play some shameful trick upon the public credulity towards the close of the campaign, for they always have done it heretofore. It is a part of the plan of every Democratic campaign. Exactly what shape this last experiment in campaign lying will take is not yet known. The only thing for every honest voter to do is to distrust all new campaign stories coming out at the last moment. For four months our candidates have been before the people, and we may be sure that all that can be truthfully said has been made public long ago. There is nothing else to say—unless they resort to shameless lying—and that they will undoubtedly do.

A BLADE correspondent calls attention to the fact that the United States 4 per cent bonds, amounting to $250,000,000, will become due on September 1, 1891, and that the surplus in the treasury, as estimated by Mr. CLEVELAND ($130,000,000) and the entire estimated increase up to the time they are due, will not more than meet them. He asks why does CLEVELAND so strongly desire a reduction of the revenues, which if carried out, will prevent the liquidation of these bonds, and continue the interest burden indefinitely? The truth is undoubtedly that the same power that influenced the administration to loan $60,000,000 of the public money to certain pet banks without interest, blinded the President to the business-like idea of paying the bonds when they fall due. That would dispose of the surplus and at the same time take up a big slice of our interest-bearing debt. But the President's friends, the bankers of Wall street, do not want the bonds taken up, and it is clearly CLEVELAND'S plan to postpone the payment of the bonds, and continue the debt and the burden of interest indefinately.

NO WONDER GROVER is kicking. The letter of the British minister clearly attributed the retaliation message to the lowest motives of political trickery, and then, when he was interviewed by the New York *Tribune's* correspondent, he made still plainer the insulting insinuations of the letter when he said:

I understand that both the action of the Senate and the president's letter of retaliation were for political effect. In a general election it is but natural that every point should be seized upon by both parties which would have an effect upon the voters.

THE Presidential election resembles nothing so much as a game of billiards for 201 points—it requiring 201 electoral votes for a choice—in which one of the players scores 153 points (the electoral votes of the Solid South) before the game begins. The Republican party must obtain 201 votes; the Democratic party needs only to obtain 48 votes in addition to the 153 on which it holds a mortgage, secured by unfair and unjustifiable election methods.

A CABLEGRAM brings the news that the new English salt trust has raised the price of common from 60 cents a ton to $2.25. The free trade Democrats say that trusts are the outgrowth of a protective tariff; but it appears that they flourish in free trade England as well.

THE feeling among the superstitious in New York city Saturday was that "CLEVELAND'S luck" has turned. The weather was rainy, the meeting unenthusiastic and Governor HILL refused to review the parade in the president's company.

IN fierce anger a Chicago free trade paper shouts, "WEST is a chump." Granted. So was BURCHARD.

CLEVELAND'S political race is run. He was tripped on the home stretch by Minister WEST.

JOHN BULL had better pull down his WEST.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

The letter of the British Minister to a naturalized British citizen has created a sensation of the first class. The matter will doubtless end in the recall of Lord SACKVILLE by the British government on the ground that, by his treating MURCHISON, the man who wrote to him, asking advice, as a British subject entitled thereto, despite MURCHISON'S acknowledgment that he is a naturalized citizen of the United States, Lord SACKVILLE disregarded and violated the understanding of September, 1871, when Secretary of State HAMILTON FISH obtained from the British government a recognition of the American doctrine of naturalization.

The letter of MURCHISON to Lord SACKVILLE was as follows:

POMONA, Cal., Sept. 4.—*To the British Minister, Washington, D. C.*—SIR: The gravity of the political situation here and the duties of those voters who are of English birth, but still consider England the mother land constitute the apology I hereby offer for intruding for information.

Mr. Cleveland's message to Congress on the fishery question justly excites one and all, and compels us to seek further knowledge before finally casting our votes for him as we had intended to do. Many English citizens have for years refrained from being naturalized, as they thought no good would accrue from the act, but Mr. Cleveland's administration has been so favorable and friendly toward England, so kind in not enforcing the retaliatory act passed by Congress, so sound on the free trade question, and so hostile to the dynamite school of Ireland, that by the hundreds—yes, by the thousands—they have become naturalized for the express purpose of helping to elect him over again. The one above all of American politicians they consider their own and their country's best friend.

I am one of these unfortunates with a right to vote for President in November. I am unable to understand for whom I shall cast my ballot, when but one month ago I was sure Mr. Cleveland was the man. If Cleveland was pursuing a new policy toward Canada temporarily only and for the sake of obtaining popularity and continuation of his office four years more, but intends to cease his policy when his re-election is secured in November and again favor England's interest, then I should have no further doubts, but go forward and vote for him.

I know of no one better able to direct me, sir, and I must respectfully ask your advice in the matter. I will further add that the two men, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison, are very evenly matched and a few votes may elect either one. Mr. Harrison is a high-tariff man, a believer on the American side of all questions and undoubtedly an enemy to British interests generally. This state is equally divided between the parties, and a mere handful of our naturalized countrymen can turn it either way. When it is remembered that a small state (Colorado) defeated Mr. Tilden in 1876 and elected Hayes, the Republican importance of California is at once apparent to all.

As you are at the fountain-head of knowledge on the question, and know whether Mr. Cleveland's present policy is temporary only, and whether he will as soon as he secures another term of four years in the Presidency, suspend it for one of friendship and free trade, I apply to you privately and confidentially for information which shall in turn be treated as entirely secret. Such information would put me at rest myself and if favorable to Mr. Cleveland enable me, on my own responsibility, to assure many of our countrymen that they would do England a service by voting for Cleveland and against the Republican system of tariff. As I before observed, we know not what to do but look for more light on a mysterious subject, which the sooner it comes will better serve true Englishmen in casting their votes. Yours, very respectfully.

The signature is not given authoritatively, though the name is supposed to be CHARLES F. MURCHISON. Pomona is a small town near Los Angeles, and the following dispatch to the New York *Herald* was sent in reply to an inquiry:

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct. 25, 1888.—Your dispatch received. The Pomona man who wrote to the British Minister, Sackville West, asking the Minister's opinion how the writer should vote for President, is a responsible Republican citizen for whom I vouch, but he requests that his name be withheld for the present. The Minister's letter is unquestionably a genuine autograph letter—signature, coat-of-arms and all. The writer's object was clearly to elicit the real opinions of the British Minister as to the two great political parties in their relations to England, and also to get the Minister's private advice to a countryman—a naturalized Englishman in doubt about how he should vote.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS,
Editor Los Angeles *Times*.

Capt OTIS is an Ohio man, who enlisted in Company I, 12th O. V. I., June, 1861, and afterwards entered the famous 23d O. V. I., of which Major General ROSECRANS, ex-President HAYES, Associate Justice STANLEY MATTHEWS, General SCAMMON and the late General J. M. COMLY were commanders.

The famous letter of the British minister, LIONEL SACKVILLE WEST, Lord SACKVILLE, is as follows:

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 13, 1888.

SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th inst., and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly avowed the notion that country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain, and is still as desirous of settling all questions with Canada, which have been unfortunately reopened since the retraction of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate, and by the President's message, to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the Presidential elections created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which President Cleveland may pursue in the matter of retaliation, should he be elected; but there is every reason to believe that, while upholding the position he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message. I enclose an article from the New York *Times* of August 22, and remain, Yours faithfully,

L. S. SACKVILLE WEST.

Below is given the New York *Times's* article to which the letter refers:

There is thus further consideration in favor of supporting the administration on this issue. It will leave the question still open for friendly means of settlement of some kind, while a support of the Senate's position would close all avenues of future negotiations, and bring upon the country the disastrous consequences of retaliation, hostility, and possible war. It would put an end to all prospect of improving the commercial relations of the United States and Canada. This is one of the questions which the people should keep in mind in casting their votes next November.

The publication of this correspondence is proving most disastrous to the free trade Democratic campaign. The party leaders are trying to break its force by declaring it to be a "Republican trick." There is no proof that it is a trick. On the contrary, all the facts point the other way. But even if it were a trick, the fact can not be denied that the accredited minister of Great Britain to the United States, wrote to a British-American citizen of this country that the present Democratic administration is the friend of Great Britain, that CLEVELAND'S retaliation message was only "bluff" for political effect, and that, if re-elected, he will endeavor again to force through the fisheries treaty, which surrenders the rights this country has always claimed in this matter.

GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON died one month after his inauguration as President. His dying words were:

"*The principles of the government—I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.*"

That patriotic sentiment is the underlying one of the Republican party. It proposes to carry out the principles of that government which LINCOLN declared to be "a government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people."

AS a pointer showing that the leaven is working in Missouri, we quote the following from a business letter from a BLADE subscriber at Seligman, Mo.:

If the change from Democracy to Republicanism is as great all over Missouri as it has been here since the campaign commenced, it will crowd Grain-Gambler Francis, Democratic candidate for governor, close to carry the state and Grover to get the electoral vote.

THE third party expected to poll 5,000 in Oregon and got 1,974; in Maine 4,000 was expected and 2,971 secured; in Vermont 2,500 was looked for and 1,299 obtained, and in Rhode Island 3,500 was thought probable, but the vote amounted to 1,336. This is a total decrease from the former vote of 1886, of 3,455.

MANY of the Democratic candidates for the New Jersey assembly are liquor dealers, all pledged to the repeal of the high license local option law. The third party Prohibitionists will attempt to elect them by nominating candidates to divide the temperance vote.

THAT there might be a false ballot and a free count in Louisiana, President CLEVELAND appointed the indicted FITZPATRICK as marshal at New Orleans; and that is why Republicans are making no canvass in Louisiana.

INDIANA'S LABOR DAY.

The desperate efforts of the free trade Democratic managers to use certain labor elements in a disreputable effort to make it appear that the workingmen are opposed to General HARRISON, and their scoundrelly tactics in still using the dollar-a-day lie and other falsehoods, which are repudiated by decent Democrats and Democratic newspapers, met with a fitting rebuke on Thursday in the grand gathering of workingmen at Indianapolis. Delegations were present from all over the state. The principal speakers were Hon. WM. MCKINLEY, of Ohio, and Senator H. W. BLAIR, of New Hampshire. A report of the meeting will be found in our news columns. The most interesting feature of the meeting, however, was general HARRISON'S remarks on the campaign of slander and defamation against him. We quote a portion of his remarks:

The purpose of all these stories was to poison the minds of the workingmen against the candidate of a party that stands in this campaign for the principle of protection to American labor. [Great cheering.] I have only once, in all the addresses I have made to my fellow-citizens, alluded to these malicious and scandalous stories, but now, and in the presence of this great gathering of workingmen, I do pronounce them utterly false.

The story that I ever said one dollar a day was enough for a workingman, with all its accompanying appendages, is not a perversion of anything I ever said; it is a false creation. I will not follow in detail this long catalogue of campaign slanders, but will only add that it is equally false that anywhere, or at any time, I ever spoke disparagingly of my fellow-citizens of Irish nativity or descent. Many of them are now enrolling themselves on the side of protection to American labor. This creates the necessity for the story.

General HARRISON expressed a truth that will be painfully apparent to the Democratic falsifiers when the campaign closes, when he declared that those who pitch this campaign upon so low a level "greatly underestimate the intelligence, the sense of decency, the love of fair play, of the American people." The tariff issue is one that appeals directly to the men who labor with their hands, and it has been the constant but unavailing effort of the free trade leaders to divert the minds of the workingmen from the true and only issue by a series of atrocious lies lies about the standard-bearer of the opposition. These lies will fall of their purpose, we are convinced, and react upon the calumniators under whose authority they are put into circulation.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

AN "EYE-OPENER."

The Detroit *Tribune* publishes a letter, received in that city by Capt. W. H. STEVENS, a well-known mining operator and sagacious business man, which letter was written by a member of one of the largest iron and steel companies in England, with whom Capt. STEVENS has had business relations. It contains a point which is of the greatest interest to American workingmen in the following extract:

I suppose the Presidential election is causing great excitement amongst you just now, as the issues on this occasion are so important. I don't know what your views are, but I never have hope that Cleveland will be elected so that the reduction of tariffs may enable our people to make a little more money out of the things they send over to you.

By the way, it is very difficult for us here to get to know how trade is with you, and we should be very glad if you could tell us whether America is likely to become a large buyer of phosphoric pig iron or hematite iron, as we would not be so anxious to sell forward if we thought you were going to take much iron from us.

If America came and bought two or three hundred thousand tons it would probably send prices up several shillings a ton. We shall be glad if you can give us any information about it.

Note that they are for CLEVELAND because his triumph and that of the free trade policy will enable them to make more money out of the things they send over here. They expect to largely increase their exports—which means less work for American workingmen in the same line; they expect to "make more money," which means that they hope to raise their prices on us.

The *Tribune* is right in saying, in its comments on the above letter, that it "sounds a good deal like a confession that they now have to pay a large share of the duties we impose upon English imports." They don't agree with Mr. CLEVELAND that the tariff is a tax on our consumers to the amount of the duty imposed. They know better and say to us: "Reduce your tariffs and we will make more money out of the things we send over to you." This letter should be an "eye-opener" to any voter who still doubts the effect of CLEVELAND'S policy upon our own industries.

THE free trade crowd are telling the farmers that protection injures them to benefit the manufacturers. This pretense has to go down in the face of the fact that while the value of all the farms of the country was but $3,000,000,000 in 1860, the last year of the free trade era, it exceeded $10,000,000,000 in 1880. Although the population of the country had very much less than doubled in the twenty years, the value of the farmers' land had more than tripled. The farmers gained their full share of the prosperity brought to this country by the protective system.

IT is a condition, and not a theory, which will confront the government by the end of the present fiscal year—an eminently Democratic condition. The estimated revenues up to its close—June 30, 1889—are $383,000,000. The expenditures already provided for by law will be $421,617,038. This leaves a deficiency of $38,617,038. The surplus will not bother us much if Democratic extravagance continues very long. The above "condition" is what United States Treasurer HYATT meant when he declared "there is no surplus."

THOMAS JEFFERSON preferred American-made goods to foreign ones, even if they cost more. Here is what he says on the subject:

Experience has taught me that manufacturers are as necessary to our independence as to our comfort, and if those who quote me as of a different opinion will keep pace with me in purchasing nothing foreign where an equivalent of domestic fabric can be obtained without regard to difference of price, it will not be our fault if we do not soon have a supply at home equal to our demand, and wrest that weapon of distress from the hand which has wielded it.

THE Democratic effort to make it appear that Judge GRESHAM is inimical to HARRISON'S success is shown to be a lie by the Judge himself. He says that he doesn't consider it proper for a man in a judicial position to do political work himself, but that he is glad to have his friends support the Republican ticket heartily.

COTTON is free raw material, yet we have not been able to drive our competitors out of the "markets of the world" with cotton goods any more than with woolens. It is the high price of labor in this country, not the duty on raw materials, which enables Great Britain, France and Germany to undersell us abroad.

CLEVELAND adheres blindly to his faith in his "luck," and declares to his intimates "Destiny will elect me." VAN BUREN was a low-tariff Democrat up for re-election, and a strong believer in his own "luck," but the votes were stronger than "destiny." GROVER should prepare for the inevitable.

APROPOS of CLEVELAND'S favoring the continuance of internal revenue taxation, it may be well to remind Democrats that THOMAS JEFFERSON once said:

The excise law is an infernal one. The first error was to admit it by the constitution; the second, to act on that admission.

WEST is CLEVELAND'S hoodoo.

A DIPLOMATIC BLUNDERER.

What may have been the motive of Mr. MURCHISON in asking the British Minister's opinion of the two parties in this campaign—and there is no reason apparent as yet why the letter shall not be believed to have been written in good faith—the reply is genuine, admitted to be so by Lord SACKVILLE himself, and expressed his honest opinions. The popular indignation is over these opinions, and their expression by the accredited representative of the British government to this country. Nobody cares what called them out.

Mr. MURCHISON asked Lord SACKVILLE whether it was safe to assume that the retaliation message was only buncombe, designed for political effect. He said he had been favorably disposed towards CLEVELAND before that message—that, in fact, like other Englishmen, he had "become naturalized for the express purpose of helping to elect him over again"—and he added:

If Cleveland was pursuing a new policy towards Canada, temporarily only and for the sake of obtaining popularity and continuation of his office four years more, but intends to cease his policy when his re-election is secured in November and again favor England's interest, then I should have no further doubt but go forward and vote for him.

For assurance on this point he naturally applied to the English Minister, as one "at the fountain head of knowledge on the question." There is a brutal directness about the letter that stamps it as genuinely English, and no imitation. It was accepted as such by Lord SACKVILLE, who, to secure this English vote for CLEVELAND, hastened to reply by return mail that to the best of his belief the President's retaliation message was insincere.

"You are probably aware," he said, "that any political party which *openly* favored the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that *the party in power is fully aware of the fact.*" As plainly as he could he told his correspondent that his fears were groundless, and that he might still "assure" his countrymen that they would do England a service by voting for CLEVELAND and against the Republican system of tariff. Lord SACKVILLE expressed the feelings and sympathies of Great Britain, and made a blunder in so doing; for the assurance from such a high source that CLEVELAND'S is the one they hope shall succeed, will alienate thousands of patriotic voters.

HOW "REFORM" WORKS.

In his speech accepting the nomination, Mr. CLEVELAND spoke about the "abuses and extravagances that had crept into the management of public affairs" previous to his accession to power, and in his formal letter of acceptance he declared, among other things, that the mission of the Democratic party was "the curtailment of public expense by the introduction of economical methods in every department of the government." These are the promises. Let us look at the fulfillment. Here is a comparison between the appropriations for the four fiscal years of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration and those for the four fiscal years of the last Republican administration:

Cleveland.		Garfield-Arthur.	
1886..	$ 219,595,283	1882....	$218,154,506
1887..	263,914,613	1883....	297,314,388
1888..	248,730,511	1884....	231,933,647
1889..	300,795,993	1885....	195,710,588
Total..	$1,038,033,400	Total....	$943,173,129

The increase in the appropriations under Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration as compared with those approved by GARFIELD and ARTHUR is $94,863,271. The figures show how "economy" has been "restored," how "frugality has been enforced," how "public expenses have been reduced," and with what result "economical methods have been introduced in every department of the government;"

SOUTHERN PROVINCIALISM.

Of course, as the Waco *Examiner*, of Texas, remarks, the Democrats may be strong enough to cut off the appropriations to pay the pension accounts. It would, however, withdraw one of the original methods making historic records with the President, since no more vetoes would be required. The South has been talking not a little in this campaign about its victory at the polls over the North. They assume that there is but one corner of the United States of political significance, and that lies east of the Alleghany mountains and south of the Potomac river. The National sentiment has not yet permeated the South.

Apparently the Southern people are getting ahead somewhat, but not far enough along to understand how to make a great nation on this continent. They have been so long growing backward whilst the North has been building upward, that it is asking quite too much that they shall guide the destinies of the future of the chief power on the Western Hemisphere. Not alone must we consider that the South has barely one-fourth of the population of the United States. We must also regard the fact that of that fourth nearly one-half are those whom they disregard as a factor, either intellectually or socially. The negroes certainly do go to make up about half of their electoral vote and of their representation in the lower House of Congress; but their influence in development otherwise is not pre-eminent. The Northern states may perhaps be abundantly able to protect the well-being of the dependent veterans of the late war, each state by itself; but can the people of the United States agree that their economic interests be dominated by a portion wherein railroads and telegraph wires are such comparative strangers?

THE cold fact is that GROVER CLEVELAND being a citizen of the District of Columbia, cannot vote for his own electoral ticket. A Buffalo paper gives the truth as to his giving up his citizenship in New York state. Two years ago, he was served at Washington with a written notice by mail that a personal tax of $96.13 had been assessed against him on property computed at $5,000. Shortly afterward, WALTER S. BISSELL, his former law partner, and understood to be his agent and attorney, visited the Buffalo city assessor's office with a letter from the President, demanding that his name be stricken from the tax-roll on personal property, on the ground that he was not a resident of Buffalo and did not intend again to become one. He has since taken no steps to resume his residence there, which he thus formally renounced.

HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia, who declares himself to be "an original mugwump," has a long article in the New York *Independent* of last week, repudiating CLEVELAND, whom he supported strongly four years ago. Mr. LEA is an ardent advocate of civil service reform, and declares that the President has proved totally false to the pledges which caused the friends of that reform to give him their support in 1884. He calls for CLEVELAND'S defeat on the ground that "his re-election would mean the indefinite postponement of reform."

THE United States Supreme court has sustained the constitutionality of the Iowa prohibition law. The court holds that the state law prohibiting both the manufacture and sale, except for medical, culinary and sacramental purposes, is not in conflict with the interstate provisions relative to commerce, and sustains the decision of the Iowa courts.

GEN. ALGER has made two trips through the upper peninsula of Michigan, and says he is convinced that it will give 6,000 majority for the Republican ticket. He is inclined to believe that every Republican Congressional candidate in the state will be elected.

IN THE LAST DITCH.

The advocates of the President's free trade policy, having been met and answered at all points, are driven into the last ditch, and take refuge under the plea that the protective policy is not to be credited as the cause of the development of our national wealth and industrial energy. But this reasoning is lame. They are driven to admit that, coincident with the adoption of a protective tariff in 1861, and notwithstanding a tremendous civil war lasting through four years and followed by fourteen years of disordered finances, this development began and continued; they deny that this development was caused by the tariff, yet can assign no other plausible reason for it.

In this connection it is pertinent to reproduce the following table from an English authority—a volume entitled "England's Supremacy"—with a change from English pounds to American dollars for the convenience of the reader. Our free trade friends who are not disposed to credit the tariff with the work which justly belongs to it, should now explain how it is that, contrary to their theory, protected America outstrips free trade Great Britain. The table is given in millions of dollars—that is to get the full sums, annex six ciphers to each:

| | Free Trade Great Britain | | Protection United States. |

A TARIFF PRIMER.

92.—Rebate on Raw Materials for Export.

We have received the following additional on the above subject from a correspondent at Marshall, Mich., in reference to Wellington R. Burt's speeches:

Burt claims that salt, lumber and tin are imported by Armour & Co. and the Standard Oil Co., on which a duty is paid, and then those concerns get a rebate of 99 per cent because they are manufacturers; and Mr. Burt does not say anything about export, but leaves his audience under the belief that corporations are favored in this respect, while an individual importing such articles does not get the rebate referred to.

You will see that Sections 3019, 3020, 3021 and 3022 of the United States Statutes, provide for a remission of duties paid on imported raw materials when manufactured in this country by our laborers, and *exported*. The articles imported must be manufactured here and again exported, and proof of exportation made in order to get the rebate of 99 per cent. This gives free trade on foreign raw materials imported for export after being manufactured, thus giving our own laborers a chance for labor. Please comment on this in your paper more fully as the Democrats are making use of this argument and falsehood all through Michigan, and no paper has published the facts so as to make them plain.

We were under a misconception as to what Burt referred to in a reply in a former section of the Primer to a correspondent. The provisions of the statutes are as our correspondent states them. Raw materials may be imported, and if manufactured into goods for *export*, a rebate of duty of 99 per cent. can be obtained. *Any* manufacturer may obtain this rebate. It was not made for the benefit of any particular firm or corporation, but in the interests of American workingmen. It gives the benefit of "free raw materials," if they be any benefit, to our manufacturers, in their effort to reach the "markets of the world."

93.—How High Shall the Duty Be?

LOGANSPORT, KY.—Do protectionists advocate a duty that is designed to cover the difference of cost of articles between this and other countries? or, do they hold that a duty which more than covers the difference of cost (so as to prevent foreign and encourage home competition) should be levied upon imports?

The BLADE believes, with the vast majority of protectionists, that the duty on any article shall measure, as nearly as may be, the difference between the cost of producing it in this country and in foreign countries. A duty higher than this is not needed, and hence should not be levied.

94—A Correction.

In a recent article on national banks, a misprint made us say that the banks pay 4 and 4½ per cent interest on the bonds held by the treasury as security for their circulation. It should have read "receive," as doubtless the majority of readers understand. The banks get interest on the bonds the same as any other holders do. Here is a query from a subscriber on this national bank matter:

As I understand it, the banks buy bonds in the market, deposit them with the government, and the latter furnishes them bank notes to issue, the banks paying 7 per cent on the notes it receives from the government. Now, does not the government pay interest to the bank on the bonds deposited, while it, in fact, gives the banks back the face of the bonds in circulating notes?

I would like to know what you call loaning money on collateral if the government does not loan back to the national banks the face of the bonds.

The government pays interest on the bonds, as stated above. But our correspondent must understand that the national bank notes are simply *promises to pay*. The bank deposits United States promises to pay (that is, bonds), and receives its own promises to pay, which it can issue. It is not loaning money on collateral, because the notes are not money, even in a technical sense, until signed and issued by the bank itself. It is not a "loan" to the banks.

95.—The Tariff and Wages.

PERRYSVILLE, Ind.—A Democrat claimed to me that a protective tariff did not increase or diminish a person's wages. Is this so?

Do Russia and China have protective tariffs? If so how much?

The protective tariff stands as the only means of maintaining wages in this country. It is plain to any one that if we are to sell our manufactures in competition with foreign goods, we must sell them as cheap as foreign manufacturers do. As the cost of labor is the reason of the increased cost of American manufactures, it follows that, under free trade, people would buy the foreign goods exclusively. Hence our own manufacturers, being unable to compete, would have to shut up shop, or cut down wages. This is so plain that any one should be able to understand it.—China's tariff is purely revenue. Russia's is so high as to be prohibitory on some things, and she has free trade in many more. Her tariff is not a protective one in the true sense.

96.—Some Questions for Free Traders.

An enterprising correspondent sends us the following brief catechism for free traders, which will pose any one of them who tries to answer them honestly:

1—As free tallow and hides would lower the price of live cattle, will the farmers vote for cheaper prices for their cattle?

2—Will the laborers of the United States vote for a policy that would lower their wages to a level with the pauper labor of Europe?

3—Having abundance of cotton, why don't we supply the markets of the world with manufactured cotton goods?

4—If the tariff increases the cost of living, why is it that clothing, excepting the very finest qualities, is as cheap in New York and Chicago as it is in London?

5—How is it that good calico sells for 5 cents per yard when there is a tariff of 5 to 6 cents per yard levied on it?

6.—Please explain away the surprisingly low prices of soap, salt, calico and steel nails.

7.—If there are such big profits in American manufactures, why is it that capital is seeking other than manufacturing business?

8.—If laborers in England and other foreign countries are doing so well, why do they emigrate to the United States?

9.—How was it that free trade administrations have always left the United States in bankruptcy and distress?

10.—Why is the Republican party of the United States hated in England?

11.—Why is it that Cleveland and his gang of free trade tariff reformers are so highly extolled and esteemed in England?

12.—How is it that, under protection, we are the best clothed, the best housed, the best fed, the best educated, and happiest people under the sun?

I challenge any free trade ranter to answer these questions to the satisfaction of the intelligent voters of the great American republic.

97.—Several Questions.

E. S. D., Eagle, Mich.: Uncut diamonds are free of duty. When cut, the duty is 10 per cent. Diamonds are not found in the United States, and the 10 per cent duty on cut stones has built up a flourishing trade in diamond-cutting.

I. W. L., Fall Creek, Ill.: There is no denial that Cleveland sent a $10,000 check to the Democratic campaign fund. The New York *Sun*, Democratic, declared that its editor knew personally that the check passed and was cashed, specifying the New York bank through which it passed. There is no doubt about the subject.

"Protectionist," Florence, Ind., refers to the fact that the Democratic party can hardly pose as the friend of the poor, when the Mills bill is declared to give the manufacturer the benefit of free raw material, yet it reduces provisions only nine-tenths of 1 per cent. And he wants to know, if raw material is to be cheap, "who is going to produce raw material?" We leave the question for some free trader to answer.

98.—An Enlightened Farmer.

A farmer down in New York who took the trouble to go to headquarters for his information has discovered that mowing machines are from 25 to 40 per cent cheaper in this country than in England, and of better quality. He got his knowledge by comparing the price which he paid for his machine with retail price lists obtained in London of machines which are inferior to his. If the farmer had extended his inquiry he would have found that nearly every tool which a farmer uses can be bought about as cheap in this country as in Europe. Some of them can be bought cheaper, and very few of them are dearer here than there. The same is true of the tools used by every other class of manual workers, as well as of the clothing worn by nine out of every ten of the people of the country. The assertion of the free traders that the American market is the dearest market for the farmer is true only in the sense that it is the dearest for the things which he sells. For the things which the farmer, the laborer and the mechanic buy the American market is as cheap as any on the globe.

99.—The Plow Lie.

The Oliver chilled plow lie is having something of a run in the Democratic papers just now. The Democratic Consul General at London, Ont., started it in its original shape, which was that these plows were sold in Canada at $12 retail and $10 wholesale, while their price in the United States is $14 wholesale and $16 retail. The proprietors of the plow works, which are at South Bend, Ind., say that they have practically no trade at all with Canada, and that the largest plow they make retails in America at $11, without wheel and jointer, and not above $14 with them. With these trifling exceptions the lie is true. The facility with which the Democrats invent and circulate fresh young lies would seem to indicate either a marvelous fecundity of falsehood or an extreme desperateness of prospects, or both.

100.—Value of Farm Products.

The free trade orators in the West are claiming to farmers that the value of farm products have declined under protection. The absolute truth is that the value of farm products is far greater now than in the previous decade. For, take the corn crop of 1860, which was 836,404,593 bushels, as worth 70 cents in New York; this made it worth 47 cents in Buffalo, half that in Chicago or Cincinnati, and nearly nothing on a Western farm, on account of the high freight rates. To-day farm products are within a few cents of city prices. There is another proof of this: New York takes little corn from the country for home use; they eat wheat there; the demand is for exportation. Now, in 1850, only 3,892,193 bushels were exported, at an average price of, say, 60 cents; in 1860 only 2,389,808 bushels were exported, at an average rate of 70 cents; but in 1887 more than 19,000,000 bushels were exported, at an average rate of 50 cents. The increase of value of the crop is apparent at once. A like analysis of wheat and other crops could be made. It is to be borne in mind that New York prices of twenty years ago (and only New York prices are quoted in census and other statistical reports) represented far more cost of freight than price of grain. To-day the freight cost is less here than in any other country, so that prices in Iowa or Illinois are near to seaboard prices.

THE SITUATION.

There are 401 electoral votes, and it requires 201 to elect a President. Here is a diagram of the situation:

Electoral votes certain for Harrison	182
Solid South, certain for Cleveland	153
New York	36
New Jersey	9
Connecticut	6
Indiana	15

The Democrats will elect CLEVELAND if they can get this total:

Solid South	153
New York	36
New Jersey	9
Connecticut	6
Total	204

Or they can win on this combination:

Solid South	153
New York	36
Indiana	15
Total	204

Without New York, they can not win at all. They have two chances, as given above, but both require New York's electoral vote.

The Republicans will elect HARRISON if they can obtain the following votes:

Sure states	182
New York	36
Total	218

Or they can win if they can obtain this vote:

Sure states	182
Indiana	15
Connecticut	6
Total	205

Or they can win with this:

Sure states	182
Indiana	15
New Jersey	9
Total	206

There is no use of considering the chances of Democratic victory in other Northern states, or of Republican success in the South. They are too doubtful and far off. The winning combination is one of the five given above, in which the Democrats have two chances and the Republicans three. The electoral vote of the states is as follows:

ELECTORAL VOTE OF 1888.

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	Mississippi	9
California	8	Nevada	3
Colorado	3	Nebraska	5
Connecticut	6	New Hampshire	4
Delaware	3	New Jersey	9
Florida	4	New York	36
Georgia	12	North Carolina	11
Illinois	22	Ohio	23
Iowa	13	Oregon	3
Indiana	15	Pennsylvania	30
Kansas	9	Rhode Island	4
Kentucky	13	South Carolina	9
Louisiana	8	Tennessee	12
Maine	6	Texas	13
Maryland	8	Vermont	4
Massachusetts	14	Virginia	12
Michigan	13	West Virginia	6
Minnesota	7	Wisconsin	11

THE POPULAR VOTE

For President in the Campaign of 1884—Electoral Vote.

Several BLADE readers have requested the publication of the popular vote for President in 1884, as a matter of reference for comparison with the vote next week. Also the number of electoral votes in each state. Following was the vote of 1884:

STATES.	Cleveland.	Blaine.	Electoral vote Cleveland	Blaine.
Alabama	92,973	59,144	10	....
Arkansas	72,927	36,895	7	....
California	89,288	102,416	....	8
Colorado	27,693	36,108	....	3
Connecticut	67,182	63,096	6	....
Delaware	16,978	13,053	3	....
Florida	31,769	28,631	4	....
Georgia	94,638	47,092	12	....
Illinois	312,358	337,511	....	22
Indiana	244,992	238,480	15	....
Iowa	177,316	197,089	....	13
Kansas	91,117	124,805	....	9
Kentucky	152,961	118,122	13	....
Louisiana	62,546	46,347	8	....
Maine	51,616	71,767	....	6
Maryland	99,866	85,748	8	....
Massachusetts	125,551	148,234	....	14
Michigan	149,387	181,003	....	13
Minnesota	70,005	111,685	....	7
Mississippi	76,510	43,839	9	....
Missouri	265,904	242,969	16	....
Nebraska	54,391	76,902	....	5
Nevada	5,578	7,193	3	....
New Hampshire	39,178	43,456	....	4
New Jersey	127,778	123,366	9	....
New York	563,048	562,001	36	....
North Carolina	142,807	125,004	11	....
Ohio	368,396	400,082	....	23
Oregon	24,924	26,860	3	....
Pennsylvania	392,788	473,804	30	....
Rhode Island	12,391	19,030	....	4
South Carolina	69,164	21,393	9	....
Tennessee	133,734	124,797	12	....
Texas	235,859	91,201	13	....
Vermont	17,331	39,514	....	4
Virginia	145,497	138,536	12	....
West Virginia	67,317	63,096	6	....
Wisconsin	146,429	161,157	....	11
Total	4,911,017	4,848,334	219	182

The total vote of St. John was 151,809, of which New York gave 25,001, Pennsylvania, 15,737; Michigan, 18,403; New Jersey, 6,153; Massachusetts, 9,925; Indiana, 3,028; Connecticut, 2,494; Illinois, 12,005; New Hampshire, 1,571; Ohio, 11,269.

Butler's total vote—133,825; Connecticut, 1,685; Illinois, 10,849; Indiana, 8,293; Massachusetts, 24,382; New Jersey, 3,456; New York, 17,002; Pennsylvania, 16,992.

"REGULATE the Regulator." Impure blood vitiates all the channels of health. Wagner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. It is the best and cheapest. 120 doses for $1.

In a Different Sense.

"I suppose when Charlie proposed you caught him right up?" remarked Gussie.

"No, I didn't," replied Jennie with a blush. "It was Charlie who did the catching up."—*N. Y. Sun.*

OLD CAMPAIGNERS.

The BLADE has already received in response to the call 1,318 names of those who voted for Gen. W. H. Harrison in 1840, and who will vote for Gen. B. F. Harrison in 1888. Send along the names veteran voters, but be sure and Write names and addresses plainly;

BY CITIES.

Aurora, Ills.—A. J. Ames, Edwin Ames, Geo. W. Ruggles, E. Case, Robinson Doty, L. T. Howard, J. C. Lathrop, S. McCarty, E. Polleys, J. D. Race, Ira D. Race, Ira D. Taylor, Lyman Woodworth, E. Gaylord, Jeremiah Goodwin, L. B. Judson, D. B. Waterman, N. B. Wood, Z. Squires, A. Odell, A. P. Chase, Deacon Small, Rev. A. Foster, Hiram Bristol, William Crance, Dr. M. M. Miles, R. R. Northam, J. D. Pollock, W. P. Gibbs, J. S. Thomas, W. B. Gillett, D. L. Reader, W. V. Plum, Robert Neal, Joseph Slaker, Nathan Cole, Joseph Stolp, A. L. Janes, J. S. Hall, Peter Stewart, Alfred Edson, Deacon Baker, J. L. Thompson, J. D. Newman, Seth Griffith, David B. Perry, John C. Miller, A. C. Sherwood, W. L. Brooks, H. M. Waterhouse, L. Hinckley, J. M. Korn, C. H. Adams, Dr. Bingham, S. B. Corning, J. H. Sperry, A. Huntington, A. C. Langworthy, J. Pulver, A. Riddle, C. A. Stearns, Selah Williams, David Meeker, Jacob Buch, J. G. Stolp, E. S. Purdy, Perry Jenks, G. P. Denison, Jay Tarble, A. C. Budlong, Deacon Strong, Ansel Hayward, Geo. Renfrew, King Hammond, G. C. Gale, Jonathan Draper, Deacon Thompson, L. G. Gardner, Rodney McDole, William A. Tanner, A. Satterfield, Delos Lake, B. Street, Sam Slaker, S. E. Baird, Joshua H. Rhodes, James Goold, J. B. Russell, William Woolson, Grover S. Breese, C. Beardsley, Geo. U. Wilson, W. W. Bishop, William Newman, Luther Finch, Geo. F. Ruggles, Hiram Calkins, E. Danford, John McDaniels.

Quincy, Ill.—Lorenzo Bull, Edward Wells, James Clark, E. R. Wooters, J. M. Morgan, Henry Root, Robert Tillson, Clark Edwards, W. D. Rood, sr., Joseph Lyman, J. T. Baker, H. P. Prentise, William Dickhut, Solomon Shinn, Harvey Miller, J. R. Dayton, sr., Joseph I. Whitney, W. H. Grossmann, S. M. Colburn, Thomas H. Brougham, William Keal, Vincent Washburn, James Tatman, Philip Thomas, George Adams, John McClanahan, E. H. Buckley, P. B. Grover, N. Pinkham, R. E. Letton, Samuel P. Church, James Price, John Wheeler, Rev. J. Janes, W. H. Burbridge, William Crawford, H. S. Osborn, David Dustin, A. C. Joseph, Samuel Jackson, J. E. Deary, Jacob Ruff, A. M. Swartout, Joseph D. Iler.

Bailey, Iowa.—Wm. Woods, Henry Hill, D. W. Smith, A. J. Turner, B. Helms, T. J. A. Fenn, Clark Hatfield, John Weatherly, R. R. Welles, J. H. Bishop, Stillman Potter, John St. John, C. Carpenter, R. N. Ashmore, Asa Cole, Rev. Philip Eyeleth, Samuel Sweet, Sanford Tanner, Freeman Shores, A. B. Bradley, Wm. Tireman, G. N. Fairchild, A. S. Hubbard, F. M. Fairbrother, L. H. Fountain, Austin Ritter, Levi Farnham, W. D. Fulton, Thomas Wardall, Henry Duncan, L. D. Rice.

Gandy Creek, N. Y.—E. F. Main, Palmer Greely, Charles Scripture, O. R. Earl, Stephen Scripture, Wm. Crank, J. C. Rieter, Elam Persons, Sidney Baldwin, R. B. Salisbury, Lorenzo Salisbury, Harrison Peck, Philo Wielrig, Dennis Weleten, A. G. Knight, Morton Wood, L. A. Warenner.

Somerset, Penn.—Chambers Huston, Joseph Cluengenning, David Pile, John Wint, Josiah Singer, John Hicks, John Knable, John Burkhart, Hon. Ed. Scull, Prof. J. J. Stutzman, Gillian Lint, Henry A. Flick, Samuel Gaither, esq., Jonathan Boyts, David Bryan, William B. Galbroth.

Noble, Ills.—F. N. McMurtry, L. C. Truitt, Wm. Green, Jonas Notestine, M. H. Thompson, James Nottingham, John Nickols, sr., W. Benj. Blunt, Isaac Lozier, Phineas Curtiss, Edward Rector.

Humboldt, Ills.—Rev. Z. B. Turman, B. F. Furguson, J. M. Dewease, J. A. Dupray, Charles Quackenbush, Thomas Patterson, S. S. White, C. E. Bedford, Newton Sterns, Luther Nims, Abner Strawn, O. J. Tinker, J. H. Glenn, Daniel Robertson.

McKean, Penn.—James Steadman, R. F. Sterette, Orin Reed, William Wiswell, E. V. Allen, R. G. Dunn, David Stancliff, Michael Bohrer, Uriah Bohrer, Willard Stancliff, Stephen Talmadge, B. C. Wood, Gideon Meeker, Daniel Harrison, William Lamson.

Payson, Ills.—P. B. Lyon, L. B. Fowler, Bracket Pottle, H. A. Crocker, R. B. Hibbard, W. C. Taylor, J. B. Sturtevant, D. W. Lester, Horace Griffin, P. E. Thompson, Benj. Hicks, George Sennock, Gabriel Kay, John W. Lawrence, R. F. Edmonds, George Kidder, Erastus Rice, J. O. Bernard, L. H. Baker.

Linn, Ills.—John Stuart, Harry Archer.

Misha Makawa, Wis.—John S. Degroff, Phibernan Farr, David Preston, Luther Hewett, William Hewett, A. Read.

Jerusalem, O.—Nathaniel Gatchell, Thomas Tomlenson, Joseph Bone, Mordica Thomas.

Ursa, Ills.—David H. Patterson, James Nichols, Mathias Ralph, Davis P. Calvin, John S. Tout.

Menlon, Ills.—James Andrew, William Simmons, J. C. Walker, A. Benton, James H. Dudley, Micajah Stone, James Roberts, D. C. Bray, Elias Simmons.

Plates, Penn.—Alonzo Alden, Hiram Sawely, Sarah Crowell, Simon Nichols.

Breckenridge, Mo.—William Dunnington, Jacob Mowder, S. C. Bailey.

Dublin, Ind.—Jesse Pike, Samuel Dillon, Wm. B. Reed, James Hadley, Smith Druley.

Mt. Sterling, Ills.—Reuben Rigg, John Thurman, Benjamin E. Massenvey.

Washington Township, Pa.—Samuel Thompson, John Baul, John McKillip, J. H. Willey.

Clayton, Ill.—John Sloan, O. H. Bennett, Joseph Anderson, Stephen Wing, D. Dodd.

Camp Point—A. F. Stevens, W. P. Doling, Bartlett Asher, Moses C. Welsch, James C. Smith, Davie Curl, Dr. George O. Fond, M. W. Lasley, Wm. M. Anderson, Thomas Baily, Faro Hamrick, James G. Welsh, H. M. Lewis, P. M. Herndon, A. D. Craig, W. A. Booth, Charles W. Baird.

Dudley, N. C.—W. W. Ezzell, Willis Holland.

Dayton, Tenn.—L. D. Blackford, Lewis Morgan, William Morgan.

Linder—Jacob Balsbaugh.

Mound Valley—J. H. Tibbets.

South Wales, N. Y.—William Knights, George S. Bragg.

Fish Lake, Ind.—John Shaup, Jacob Bowman.

Dawsonville, Ga.—William Kelley, P. E. Willis.

Petroleum, W. Va.—Joseph Pew, Phillip Reitz.

Marseilles—Wilham Deckerman.

Woodpart, N. J.—E. D. Jayne, Phillip Jayne.

BY STATES.

Illinois—David K. Watson, Mown Station; James Coulter, Hershman; James Lasher; Mown Station; Isaac Coplenger, Bushnell, Jesse C. Dee, DuQuoin; G. W. Guthrie, Ewing College; W. T. Teague, New Columbia; Edward Gregory, Monmouth; L. O. Burke, Waskemas; Cornelius Pasher, East Lynn; John Groenwood, Suez; H. A. S. Ashmore, Newman; Dr. A. Newton, Oregon; Cyrene Johnson, Sloam Springs; J. B. Kenoyer, Fowler; Daniel Crow, Fowler; Daniel Hughes, Payson; James Moore, Camp Point; S. B. Sponony, Liberty; William Corse, Coatsburg; John Coffield, Mendon; H. S. Whitford, Golden; Kansas—E. W. Hill, Pomona; Alex. Harper, Aaron Palmer, —— Downs, G. B. McCord, Leonardsville; Philetus Remington, Clay Center; Aaron Bitzer, Star Valley; John Speer, founder Lawrence *Tribune*, Sherlock; Lewis Welch, Rosettville; Henry S. Whitney, Girard; A. J. Whaley, Rockville; W. A. Linsley, Effingham.

Indiana—Jesse McCord, Westville; David Johnson, Nabb; William Douglass, Arctic; James S. Sanders, Westville; Smalley Sebring, English Lake; William C. Frosher, Salamania; A. Provines, Auburn.

New York—Halsey Reynolds, South Otsell; Dr. C. V. H. Morris, Lodi; H. I. Trumbull, Pulaski; A. N. Bentley, Greenville; Stephen Beavy, Waterloo.

Missouri—Thomas Anderson, Crocker; James Simmons, Sedalia; J. R. Justus, Sarcoxie; David Sawin, Lamar; Dr. F. W. McMortan, Judson; R. VanHorn, Hannibal, Mo.

Nebraska—T. W. Patterson, Humboldt; A. J. Wambaugh, Arapahoe; C. J. Winter, Cedarfield; Wm. H. H. Vorce, Wilsonville; S. S. Herrick, Hamilton; Horace Moon, Ancelmo; M. Cook, Valpalarso.

Michigan—J. G. Hemmenway, Sherwood; Wm. Anderson, Howell; A. W. Collins, Dunham; C. Y. Stenery, Round Center; Otis Clark, Richfield.

Pennsylvania—Simon Biggs, Prentysvale; J. T. Pugh, New Brighton; John Shone, Millesburg; J. H. Bittner, Indian Head.

West Virginia—Jonas Nestor, Nestorville; Jacob Haskins, Willow Island; S. A. Colin, Jane Leed; William White, Organ Cave; William H. Grant, South Webster.

Iowa—Dave Colbaugh, Escalada; Isam Hunt, Bangor; A. B. Palmer, Clermont; William O. Burt, Le Claire.

Minnesota—Robert S. Willis, Marion; J. D. Carr, Tank Center.

California—Wm. Wolfe, Calestoga; William Albro, Calestoga; J. C. Henler, Crescent Mills; N. S. Woodward, Redding.

Ohio—N. G. Sherman, Norwalk; J. R. Derry, Toledo.

Massachusetts—James M. Holden, East Walpole.

Wisconsin—A. Loveland, Monticello.

Kentucky—C. J. Fox, Rocky Hill Station.

Tennessee—Nelson Myers, Showers; Peter Brown, Brock.

Florida—T. L. Peterson, Vernon; O. Bowman, Broaks-ville.

Georgia—H. W. McDaniel, Victory; J. W. Crow, Crow.

North Carolina—L. B. Fincher, Mt. Prospect.

Connecticut—Reuben Bradley, Mystic River.

Oregon—Ebenezer Warner, Oregon City; John C. Spray, Eight Mile.

Virginia—Samuel Harden, Catawba.

Tennessee—William Morgan, Dayton.

Colorado—E. W. Henderson, Central City.

Total—1,318.

Pretty Ballet-Dancers in Cork.

A French opera manager was in despair at the prospect of having to produce "l'Africaine" with white negroes in the ballet, because the dancers refused to blacken their faces for fear it would injure their complexions. He issued an order, however, that all the young and pretty girls must color their faces, because it would do them no harm, while the old and plain ones would be allowed to appear without black faces, because they had more need to take care of their looks. The result was that every blessed one of the girls tried to get on more black than any of the others, and when the ballet was on the stage a half dozen extra calciums had to be used to keep the audience from thinking the lights had all gone out.—*Musical Courier.*

Answer Delayed.

A little boy was asked by his mother the other day, "Rex, what makes you so naughty; don't you ask God every night to make you a good boy?" "Yes," replied the young hopeful, "I ask him right along, but he never seems to pay any attention to me."—*Cartoon.*

A BAR OF IRON.

MR. MAHER SKETCHES ITS HISTORY

In Democratic Times and Under a Protective Tariff.

Fear not, good reader; I am not going into a disquisition of the iron markets of the world. It is a subject altogether too large for my limited comprehension. I purpose only to view it from the narrow stand-point of the mechanic and merchant, and leave the larger view for larger men.

A bar of iron! What a common thing it is, yet what a part it plays in the world! It still encircles the old moss-covered bucket, protects the horse's hoofs, rolls over the country road on every wheel, spans rivers, and girdles the world. As the mercury in the tube tells the temperature of the day, so the condition of the iron market is a sure test of the state of trade throughout the civilized world.

It is made the text of every free trade screed, and is spoken about more familiarly by the college politician than it ever can be by the blacksmith or the puddler or the furnace man. It came to us as it came to the ancient Israelites, as it came to England, Belgium and Russia; it was to God's free gift in our mountains, and its value in the recesses of the earth was the same everywhere. The world slowly worked its way towards an age of iron, the glory of the metal has steadily increased and to-day it rules all nations.

There was a time when Massachusetts led in iron manufacturing on this continent, but for the past century Pennsylvania has been the foremost iron making state in the union. In recent years it has produced one-half of all the pig iron, nearly one-half of all the rolled iron, and more than one-half of all the steel used in the United States. In 1880 Ohio ranked second and New York third in the list of iron and steel producing states; Alabama is probably fourth.

Looking over the statistics of production of pig iron in the United States one sees that the 736,218 tons of 1854 were increased to 4,589,613 tons in 1884, and in 1886 this had grown to 6,365,328 tons.

It is the fashion to prove everything in favor of free trade with iron for a text. The foundation plank of the argument is furnished by the tariff; the tariff is a tax. This being clear and unanswerable, it follows that the duty per ton, multiplied by the number of tons of iron produced, is the extent of the swindle perpetrated upon the people in favor of the iron industry. Let us gently steer clear of colleges for a moment, and turn to practical issues and see, if we can, where the duty on iron has worked harm to the American consumer.

To begin, let us go back to the golden age of a tariff for revenue, 1853, when the South was controlling legislation. Here is a bill of merchantable iron made out by the Chillington Co., Liverpool, England, to S. & J. Whitaker, Toledo, Ohio. What is the price, think you? Those were good old days, Mr. Thurman says; butter brought 6 to 8 cents per pound to the inland farmer, and a man could earn 50 to 60 cents per day in the harvest field. Iron must also have been cheap, must it not? and particularly in that heaven upon earth of cheapness, England?

Well, it was cheap. The bill is made out at

£12 10s per ton.

A memorandum on the bill shows that an English pound was figured at $4.38, so English iron cost, in Liverpool, in 1853, $54.75 per ton.

Does that strike you as high? Dear sir, you are demoralized by protective tariff prejudices; your mind is not unbiased; you are unfit for a juryman. Had you wanted Ames's shovels that year to work on your farm, the bottom factory price was $10 per dozen. A dozen door butts cost, in jobbing lots, at the factory, 49 cents; common iron casters, 14 cents per set. An extra good workman could earn a shovel by two days' work, and no doubt he was thankful that he had the work to do.

But in '57 and '58 we find that Toledo merchants are not sending to Liverpool for their iron; Pittsburg seems to be looming up, and so does the Mahoning Valley, of Ohio. Iron prices have gone down to $40 per ton in their efforts to hold their own with England, but the production of American iron has increased but slightly over 1853.

Then the war came; our iniquitous tariff was laid on iron, the cost bounded up as the premium on gold advanced, and as railroad building made such demand that the mills of the country were totally unable to supply. Iron was jobbed here in Toledo in 1871 at $70 per ton. In '72, with the country going crazy over railroad building, the price was forced up to $106, but the panic of '73, which was primarily brought on by the railroad craze, knocked the bottom out of iron, and it is sold in Toledo to-day at $30—just about one-third, probably, of the price paid for it in Toledo in 1853, adding freight from Liverpool. But there are not many of us who buy iron by the rod or bar—its price in that shape does not interest us. Let us see how it sounds when we quote the iron in more familiar shapes. Ames's shovels, in '53, were $10 a dozen; were $10 50 in '59; to-day are greatly superior in quality and in finish, and sell for $8. The door butts of '53, that cost 50 cents per dozen, were unchanged in '59, but to-day sell for 24 cents. Strap hinges cost $1.25 per dozen in '59 and cost 63 cents to-day. Bed castors that cost 14 cents in '59, in "good times," can be bought for 4½ cents to-day. Wrought nails cost 5½ cents in '59, and 2½ cents to-day. And as the livery man wanted a stable fork in '55, he paid $1 to $1.25 for it, but to-day he buys a vastly better one for half the money. Why, in '53, we sent to Rhode Island for nuts and washers, paying 10 cents per pound to the Yankees; now we can step into the Toledo Bolt works and buy them for 3½ cents.

But it is claimed that every man in iron grew rich. I wish they did. When the proprietors of factories are getting rich the men's wages are not going the wrong way. But what are the facts as to that?

The easiest way to get at a fact of this kind is to go to the nearest factory. One is not obliged to step into the office and ask the proprietor, point blank, to show his books. We have other methods in business for getting at this information. Is the Maumee rolling mill coining money? I am safe in saying that stock holders and directors will be more than pleased if the year's business shall show them an even balance sheet, and no deficiency. Among ten firms whom I have known well for twenty years, but two are in the iron business to-day. None retired rich.

Yet see what this one factory is doing for Toledo. It is spreading $3,000 per week among us. It is giving employment to 250 men, who have families, who eat, wear clothes, are sick, and indulge in many of the luxuries of life. This is a small plant. How many such are there in the United States? How much money is thus dug out of the mountains, turned over and over, contributing to the comfort of miners, smelters, puddlers, tool makers, tool users, and finally to the farmers to be passed back again?

Was the tariff a tax? The tariff was gauged to be the difference between the fill-paid labor of Europe and fair-paid labor here. Of itself it would have given all the trade to American furnaces. The foreign maker reduced his price so that, with the tariff added, he could compete with our home furnaces. A cut was made to take the orders from him; he met it, and cut a little lower. His price was met and cut under. He met that, and thus the game has been going on, except at times when the demand for railroad building, and railroad swindling, was so keen that neither side had to seek orders, but rather had to refuse them. And the story is told in these lines:

Toledo paid $54.75 per ton, in Liverpool, for iron in 1853.

Under a tariff that has built up home furnaces we buy Toledo iron in 1888 for $30.

The money sent to England was spent in England.

The money paid for our iron to-day is pent here. W. H. MAHER.

HARRISON'S SOLDIERS.

One of His Boys Denounces the Democratic Lies About Him.

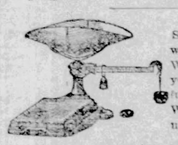
PAGE CENTER, IOWA, Oct. 22.—EDITOR BLADE:—In a recent issue of your paper you mention somebody who states that Gen. Ben Harrison was unpopular with the men of his command. I wish to denounce said statement as unqualifiedly false, and I pity the disloyal heart which prompted its utterance. I had a chance to know, for I carried a Springfield musket nearly three years in his brigade, from the time in October, 1862, that his regiment and ours were brigaded together Louisville, Ky., until the end of the war. After Col. Harrison took command we never had a more respected brigade commander. On the Atlanta campaign he marched with us, camped in our midst, ate what we ate, and led where we fought.

I remember at the battle of Resaca, May 15, 1864, Col. Ben went into the fort ahead of the brigade, where we captured a four-gun battery and successfully maintained possession in spite of repeated efforts of the enemy to recapture it. At Peach Tree creek, when complimented in person by Gen. Hooker for our success, he disclaimed for himself any credit, and insisted that the compliment belonged to his men, and I think the Blue Star brigade will say we never had a commander that we had any more confidence in or respect for. After Atlanta was taken, Gens. Harrison, Logan and others went home to assist, as we were told, in the Presidential campaign, which was at white heat. They were to fight another class of our enemies, called by some, "Copperheads" (a slander on the whole snake tribe), who no doubt would have been in our front, but, as "Nasby" once said, for their natural aversion to gunpowder and bayonets.

When Col. Harrison returned his popularity was evidenced by the vehement cheers that greeted him as he came among us, his shoulders graced with the stars of a general which all admitted he had fairly earned. He led us on to Washington and the Grand Review, May 24, 1865. Our regiment was the first one of our brigade that was mustered out, and started for home; and no one can forget the cheers the boys gave Gen. Ben, as we passed his headquarters and the "Lone Star" triangle, his headquarters flag, on our way to the depot. Not that a charge of that kind deserves a passing notice even, but as Judge Lamar said of his beloved chief, "no one shall utter such a slander in my presence without meeting with stern and emphatic denial."—CHARLES M. CASTLE, Co. D., 102d Ill.

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OF FAMILY SCALE.



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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This pain

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

I have been thinking a good deal of late of woman's position in the business world, as compared to what it was even so lately as ten or fifteen years ago, and am astonished to realize the progress which she has made, not only in the matter of entering new avenues of labor, but the way in which she is regarded after she is once there. Where her presence then was viewed with absolute dislike and looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion, it is now taken as a matter of course, or at least quietly tolerated, while sometimes she is even made to feel a welcome.

In the generality of cases, women in business positions find men respectful, though not with drawing-room manners. There is always a disposition there, as everywhere else indeed, to assert masculine superiority, and this assertion is not always tempered with courtesy, as I have learned from others, though never from my own experience. An entirely new side to men's character is exhibited to the young woman upon her first entrance among them in a business capacity. Hitherto, if she has been fortunate in her home surroundings, she has had her ideals, which, however, do not correspond with what she sees and hears. As a class these male companions of hers like tobacco. They smoke in her presence; are apt to spit on the floor though they may have the grace to aim at the spittoon if there be one; sometimes they speak rather emphatically in a language to which she has not been accustomed; in hot weather there is often a respectable disrobement not usually seen in a parlor. If she does not permit herself to be aggrieved by these things, she will find herself, generally speaking, treated with real kindness, ready sympathy and a pleasant willingness to oblige. Of course, we know of exceptions to all rules, but I am writing now of the average. There are business places where nothing offensive to the most delicately bred woman is ever allowed to come, and others where every instinct of her womanhood is constantly outraged. But then there are, in the world, gentlemen and boors. Sometimes, too, strange to say, youth and beauty have modifying influences upon the masculine view of a woman's occupation of a business position among men, and the treatment she receives is correspondingly modified.

The resentment with which men have looked upon the entrance of the other sex into places hitherto exclusively their own is somewhat softening down, though there are many yet who are violently opposed to the change. "Women should stay at home and attend to the house" they say; "or else keep to the employments they are especially fitted for. They have no right to crowd young men out of places." In spite of this growling, however, they still go on entering new avenues of labor and proving their fitness by their successful accomplishment of the duties. They leave scientists to worry themselves over the respective size and quality of the masculine and feminine brain, and spin out fine theories about feminine inferiority, while they go on demonstrating that sex supremacy is only an accident.

One obstacle there is, however, in the path of self-supporting women, which has not been done away with, and that is inequality of compensation for the same labor. She will work side by side with a man, doing fully as much and even more, of a quality equally good as his, assuming just as much responsibility, but when the pay roll is made out she receives a third, and perhaps a half less, than he does. Most of us know of more than one instance where a man is elected to a public office, draws his salary regularly, and then delegates all of his duties to a woman, who receives what he chooses to give her, usually a very small proportion of that sum. There is one excuse for him, however. She did not have to dip into the dirty pool of politics; was not obliged to electioneer; to be all things to all men; to be hand in glove with those she despised in order to win votes; to watch and worry and scheme day and night, first to get the nomination, and then secure an election.

Setting such places aside as belong to those which have been, until of late, sacred from feminine tread, justice with regard to compensation never seems to enter into a man's head in connection with teaching, which has always been considered peculiarly a woman's work. In the schools of every city in this country are women occupying the most difficult places, that of principals, but receiving the pay of assistants. I have known of more than one instance where men have been discharged for incompetency and the place given to a woman for one-third less salary than he had been getting. It has chanced to come to my knowledge recently that right here in Toledo are well trained teachers who have done more than ordinarily successful work for ten and fifteen years, but who, unfortunately for them in this respect, happened to have been born women, now receiving in spite of their protests, a salary less than that given to young men just out of college, with no experience whatever, and in positions demanding no more responsibility or labor. The only possible excuse or apology for this injustice is the accident of birth. They are men, and they are also men who had the power to put them where they are, and to say what they shall be paid for their apprentice work.

Women need not submit, need not take the places if they do not want too, it is often said. True, they need not if their bread and butter does not depend upon it, but that is neither here nor there in the consideration of the justice of the thing. Well, we women might as well laugh as cry over that sort of exertion of might, no matter how we may chafe inwardly, but while we laugh, let the will be resolute to spare no effort, to leave no stone unturned, to use every influence to right the wrong by giving woman an equal power with man in all that is potential for her good. The grand moving forward in her conditions during the last two or three decades is but an earnest of what she shall do in the not distant future. Hope may be stronger, too, from the fact that there are many men who have grown clear sighted enough to see, not only what is justice, but that its concession will ultimate to the advancement of both sexes.

One thing more. Let those masculine thinkers and writers who spend so much time and brain energy in the expression of fear that this business tendency of women is going to make them averse to marriage and the seclusion of home life, and that home duties will therefore be neglected, console themselves. A true woman's nature remains unchanged, even though she does choose an occupation which accords with her tastes, and will give her more money than she can earn in those places the so-called stronger sex has marked out for her. The cases are rare, indeed, of women who voluntarily leave a happy, comfortable home to go forth and battle with the world—in other words, undertake to compete with man in what he claims as his own dominions. It is not so much a question of desire, in most instances, as necessity, which makes her undertake this, but she has learned much in recent years; she has learned that what necessity makes inevitable may be often turned into a real pleasure. She has learned, too, that the consciousness of being able to take care of herself honorably increases her self-respect, and that to be a business woman means to be independent and her own mistress.

SEND THEM IN—A WORD TO THE WOMEN WHO READ THE BLADE.

So many inquiries come from time to time to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD regarding the noted women of America,—those whose work has made them prominent—that to answer them she will write a series of articles giving some account of the lives and characters of these persons, each article being accompanied whenever possible with the picture of the individual. This series will run over a period of three months, beginning the middle of November, or the first of December, the exact period depending upon the time consumed in their preparation.

In order that this series may include those most interesting to the largest number, Miss Bouton would like to receive from each member of the HOUSEHOLD, or woman reader of the BLADE, a postal card upon which is the name of the American woman of prominence now living, whom the sender most desires to know about. These postals will be received until November 1, at which time they will be assorted, and the twelve names which have received the largest number of votes will be those selected for the series. Do not fail to send in your preference as early as possible. We hope to hear from every member. Address your postals, thus:

THE BLADE,
Toledo,
Ohio.
Household Dept.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

HOLIDAY FANCY WORK.—I have a scrap bag in my parlor which has often been admired. The bottom is 2 by 8 inches, and is pasteboard covered with scarlet plush. The bag part is formed of a strip of crazy work 20½ by 17 inches, sewed into a bag and faced 4 inches at the top on the inside with gold colored satin. A shirr is run two inches from the top and a rubber run in, which draws it together. The lower edge is turned up ¼ of an inch and basted. The bottom is then sewed on over and over, the joining being concealed by a gold cord. Three chenille ornamental drops are fastened to the bottom and a ribbon is loosely knotted around the top. It is suspended by a ribbon loop. Instead of using it for scraps, however, it contains a short handled wool brush and cotton and silk dust cloths. It saves many a trip to the kitchen.

Another thing that saves steps is a small brass dustpan and a brass backed hearth brush, which hangs behind the stove. Both are ornamented with hand painting and are quite ornamental as well as useful. Bags like the above with sachet powder sprinkled between the linings, are very nice for work bags, and give a delicate perfume to all articles placed in them. I forgot to mention that the bags are usually suspended on a door knob. A planner one is useful to hang from one's sewing machine to put scraps in.

Those who have a quantity of thistle pompons can make a lovely ornament by covering a plaque, odd plate, or saucer with velvet or plush and fastening a bunch of them to it, or they can be fastened to pasteboard or wooden patterns covered in the same way. A knot of ribbon is placed where the stems are. Milkweed pods can be used in the same way, and I once saw a cluster of pampas plumes fastened to a panel covered with crimson canton flannel and a knot of gold colored ribbon tied around the stems. It was a very handsome and inexpensive home ornament, and at a short distance easily mistaken for plush. In fact, cotton plush, as it is called, is used by many in covering panels and plaques, instead of real plush, as when soiled, or when one is tired of them, they can be thrown away; while if covered with silk plush one would dislike destroying them.

Perhaps some, like myself, possesses an old music binder; if so, a handsome scrap album can be made out of it. Leaves can be cut either of white or colored thick paper, or of fancy colored muslins. Between each leaf place a narrow strip of cardboard at the back where they are sewed together. This is to allow for the cord to pass in.

A pretty bureau or table scarf is made of scrim, Swiss or butchers' linen, trimmed on the ends with lace, and a spray of flowers in oil colors.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purt or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s slip, slip and bind; t to, time or thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; o ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c b st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; s, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LOZENGE PATTERN KNITTED INSERTION.—Materials.—Saxony or brown linen thread, No. 15 needles. Cast on 20 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row: s 1—k 1—n—t o twice—n—k 5—n—t o twice—n—k 1—n—t o twice—n—k 2; 2d row; s 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3. 3d row: s 1—k 3—n—t o twice—n—n—t o twice—n—n—t o twice—n—k 4; 4th row; s 1—k 5—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 5. 5th row; s 1—k 5—n—t o twice—n—n—t o twice—n—k 6; 6th row; s 1—k 7; p 1—k 3—p 1—k 7. 7th row; s 1—k 7—n—t o twice—n—k 8. 8th row; s 1—k 9—p 1—k 9; 9th and 10th rows; Plain; 11th row; Like 7th row; 12th row; Like 8th row; 13th row; Like 5th row; 14th row; Like 6th row; 15th row; Like 3d row; 16th row; Like 4th row. Repeat from 1st row.

A PAIR OF PANSY MATS.—Materials required for them are of single zephyr, ¼ oz. of white, ¼ oz. of black, ½ oz. of the brighter yellow and 1 oz. of shaded purple. Commence with white, make a chain of 6, and join it; into that c 12 long c sts with 1 ch between each, fasten it, and make 3 ch sts for next row; do this in each row. Third row—Make 2 long c sts into every loop of second row. Fourth row—2 long c st, with 1 ch between and alternate with 1 long into every l, not st. Fifth row—2 long c, alternated with 2 separate long c st, with 1 ch between each. Sixth row—2 long c sts, with 3 separate long c, with 1 ch between each. Seventh row—Commence with the black, 2 long c sts into every 1 of the white. Eighth row—Commence with the yellow, 2 long c st into every 1 of black. Ninth row—Commence with the shaded purple and c same as last 2 rows. Thread a needle with black thread and catch down the fullness to give effect to the pansies. I hope I have made this plain. When done it is beautiful—a perfect imitation of a pansy.—LITTLE PANSY.

DECORATIVE WORK ON FABRICS.

COVER FOR LARGE BIBLE.—This design, perforated pattern No. 691, size 13½x5, is pretty for a satin or velvet "Bible cover." The pattern is ivy leaves and the motto: "The Old Family Bible." Crimson satin or velvet would be suitable material. Stamp the design with white powder. A No. 1 and also No. 3 red sable brush, a little pale drying oil and the following tube oil paints will be needed: One tube light zinnaber green; one tube burnt sienna; one tube kremnitz white; one tube permanent blue; one tube terre verte green. First paint design all white. Lay your color on smooth and even. When this is dry paint the ivy leaves and stems in two shades of green. Then when this coat is dry vein the leaves with the burnt sienna. Add a little permanent blue to white, mixing in enough drying oil to make the paint smooth. With this paint your letters. When dry take your No. 1 brush and a little gold bronze powder mixed with a drop or two of drying oil, and go around outside edge of each letter. Line your cover with silesia and finish around edges with a small silk cord, with tassels at corners.

CORNER FOR TABLE COVER OR PIANO SCARF.—This pattern, No. 1,529, size 16x16, is a graceful spray of thistles and leaves. It would be very handsome painted on light brown or pearl grey billiard cloth or felt for piano cover. Use brushes 2, 3 and 5, red sable. Colors: Light Zinnaber green, terra verte, silver white, rose madder, permanent blue.

As before described, first paint the design white. Then paint leaves and stems in three shades of green; one made of white, terre verte, and a little lemon yellow if you have it; another of zinnaber green and white. Paint calices of thistles in shades of green. Paint "fluffy" part of thistles in shades of purple. Make up one shade of white rose madder and a little permanent blue. Make up another of rose madder and a little blue. Use some touches of rose madder alone.

DESIGN FOR BRAIDED DRESS FRONT, COLLAR AND CUFFS AND VEST.—This pattern No. 3 is a pyramid of handsome style, size 14½x30 inches and is suited to cloth dresses. On a green, brown or wine colored cloth, narrow gold braid would form a very effective decoration. Or rope silk of same color as goods could be chain stitched on design. A hat to match, with crown embroidered in gold tinsel, should be worn with this costume. Any lady reader of the BLADE sending me four cents postage will receive my "hints" in regard to fall styles of dress free.

Parties desiring any information in regard to the painting department should send postage when questions will be cheerfully answered. The object of this department is to furnish practical lessons to those who cannot avail themselves of a personal teacher.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph county, Indiana.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—Many persons are considering the advisability of making a change as the cold weather draws near. I know Southern California has been advertised as the only refuge for the rich or poor. I often meet strangers who are destitute of means, having given up steady employment to get to California. Let me say, if you have money and can live without labor it is well to be here. But if you come expecting to find employment soon at good wages, you are apt to be disappointed, and perhaps regret coming. Don't come with the idea of immediate employment.

Wages are low. Hundreds of good men are out of work. Carpenters are now working on many buildings here for $2 50 a day—ten hours' work. Others are getting $3 a day for nine hours' work. But the less said about who is the contractor. Other trades are dull. This is no manufacturing center. Real estate stands at high figures, and a reasonable amount of building is in progress, but there are as many mechanics as there bricks or sticks of timber, and each one needs work. Men hearing of good times have taken the country by storm, and the result is a surplus of laboring men—and a surplus is bad, for Grover Cleveland says so. It is not good here in this case.

House rent is high, a six-room cottage, twelve or fourteen minutes' steady walking from center of city, rents for $30. There are a number of empty houses, but the rents are just as high as a year ago, when we were glad to pay a premium for the first chance of a house.

Provisions are not cheap. Our butter is put up in 30-ounce rolls, and sells now at 35 cents a roll. Eggs are 40 cents a dozen, and will be no less for three months. Minneapolis flour sells at retail at $1 90 per quarter barrel, and California local mills at $1 35 per quarter barrel. Our vegetables are entirely in the hands of Chinamen. They are all sold by the pound. They come to the houses daily, with wagon loads of garden sauce, always fresh and cheap. They sell so low that a white man cannot compete with them.

Southern California does not produce as good a quality of fruit as the northern part of the state. This is said to be the home of the orange. Oranges grow well in many parts of the state. Other fruits are just as productive in Northern and Central California as here, and are produced without irrigation at the other end of the state.

Our climate is good. Eastern people are always delighted with it. Californians complain of the cold and the perspiration is streaming from the Eastern visitor. We talk of heat. Our strangers are delighted with our summer season or dry season.

Sunstroke is absolutely unheard of anywhere in California.

One can scarcely help remarking the great number of aged persons met with here. Don't think people do not die here. People are seeking, and grasping at, every show, they do sometimes die. Many consumptives make a mistake when they come here with a slender purse to try our winter for relief. They need fire, to relieve the dampness, and good nourishing food. Fuel is very high. Drugs are far from being cheap, and the physician considers he has come to coin money, not for their own health. A visit at the office is $1 and you buy your own medicine. At your house I believe it is $3 a visit. I know it is not less than $2 50 a visit and as before you then pay a bill at drug store.

Good nurses can be had from $9 to $15 a week; and a room for a sick person commands a high price, as people who rent rooms are afraid of having extra washing and work from the patient.

We have many fine medical men here, and our climate does much alone in many cases.

There is a good field here for women who are willing to do house work. They can command $15 to $25 a month. Dressmakers are here as thick as peas, and clerks and teachers are not in demand. Our schools are good—none in the Union better, so the teachers' convention told us this August at its meeting of teachers from all over the Union.

We have churches of all creeds, and private schools are numerous. No one need fear to bring a family to the coast. We have fraternal societies the same as Toledo, and we have old soldiers and they are numerous, and we have the Republican party in myriads. We always turn out grand audiences to hear the truths of protection from the speakers of our party. We will also be heard from on November 6. Don't be alarmed about California. She is a paradise. Our women are enthusiastic workers for the cause. We have also some government land in California waiting for settlers to make homes of. It is being taken fast, but some excellent land can yet be found on our public domain. Yours truly.—MRS. AARON BODLEY, 541 Beaudry avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The intention of the better class of the people on the Pacific coast, in ridding themselves of the Chinese, was, and still is, to make room for white men and women, who, we are told, are suffering for employment, or rather the wages that are given to those who are employed, and there is a demand for such persons in nearly, if not all the towns and country places on this coast. Some philanthropic man or woman might make it their business to find places for, and correspond with them, even going so far as to help them in some way to obtain cheap transportation. I do not know of a better work that could be undertaken by some of the people who are talking so much about the abuses of the laboring classes, than to help them to find plenty of work, and good wages.

I would say to any who may contemplated coming here, do not crowd and huddle into the cities and large towns. That is what produces poverty and distress the world over. Better go into the country and work for your board, until you can do better, than live up in city lodgings, advertising and waiting for something to come to you. If you go to work and are good for anything, you will soon find yourself in demand. I have never seen a good, industrious woman have any trouble in finding and taking her choice in places in California yet. There is room for a great many more of that class here. In every town there is a demand for able bodied women to work at washing, ironing, and housecleaning by the day, and nursing too. The present wages is $1 per day, including board. A good many housekeepers would prefer to hire a few days' work occasionally if they could procure it, instead of keeping steady help. Women who prefer to live at home with their families can fill such places to advantage, as they sleep at home.

I have tried to answer all questions without being asked by those who would like to know. The social position of "hired girls" on the Pacific coast is whatever they have a mind or capacity to make it. I think that about one-third of the wives of the wealthiest men here were "hired girls" before marriage. I will not promise that they will all fare as well as one I saw, march into a circus with a man, who holds a high office in the county, who left his wife home to "mind the baby" while he and the "hired girl" spent the evening out.

A few families have transplanted Eastern Ideas here and keep servants, but as most girls prefer to work in such places to living as equals with people who live plainer, and put on less style, whose fault is it?—WANDERING BUCKEYE.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one give me a recipe for getting rid of crickets? They eat everything, both cotton and wool.—D. E. R. HOLT, Long Pine, Neb.

Will some one give full directions for preparing a good calcimine for walls, that will not rub off? Tell us the measures of ingredients—not the money's worth.—MRS. BODLEY.

Will some one of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make a yarn bag and catchall?—CAROLINE.

Can any of the readers of the Home Department furnish one with the seed of the mock peaches? I would be glad to get some and will willingly send stamps for postage. It is so hard to get material for sauce or pies out here.—MRS. W. W. ARCHER, Leola, Dak.

Will some one please tell me where I can obtain a song which, as near as I can remember, contains the following:

"You're the only one I love,
Sure as Heaven is above;
I'll be waiting for you darling,
Meet me there.

—LIZZIE SOUTHWELL, Marshall, Calhoun County, Mich.

Will some of the jolly girls and boys, who are readers of the HOUSEHOLD, write to a young girl of 16 living in the country? Address CATHERINE, Box 24, Harmony P. O., Chatauqua Co., N. Y.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make a cake, one part being red and the other white, and what the name of the cake is? What will prevent butter from sticking to the butter ladle, butter bowl and churn? The churn is wooden I scald them good before cooling and putting in the cream.—MRS. M. J BUSH, Stella, Neb.

Lovinia Horrell (now Lovinia Ice) desires through the BLADE to learn the whereabouts of any of her old schoolmates (females) who used to attend school with her at Rainbow school-house in Muscatine county, Iowa, prior to 1862. Would be glad to hear from any of them through the good old BLADE, or otherwise.—LOVINIA ICE, Frankfort, Franklin Co., Ill.

Will some kind sister please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD how to make vinegar from the mother that grows in vinegar? I tried to make some. It is sour, but tastes dead. We cannot get any but acid vinegar in this country. That is disagreeable, and I think unhealthy, when you make pickles with it; it eats the pickles so they are not good.—MRS. J. A. F.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Please tell "Henrietta" in BLADE of August 16, that I cannot account for the falling of the gold cake she made over my recipe, unless she used more of the other ingredients, except flour, than the recipe called for. It is my mother's favorite recipe which she has used for over thirty years, and I also use it; and it has never failed to give satisfaction. I am glad you succeeded with it at last. I can send dozens of recipes which, like it, will be "a grand success," if the editor will kindly publish them. I asked that question some time ago, but she gave me no answer. Will she tell me now?—IRENE.

The editor is always glad to have good recipes or any thing else useful. Every such thing will be published, though sometimes delayed. Send them along.—ED.

Having seen "Cousin Bessie's" request in the BLADE for a girl of 12 to 14 years, I would say to her I will go to her under circumstances that she will pay my fare to where she lives, and also to let me go to school. I am 13 years old and rather healthy. Don you live in the town or in the country? Please give your address. Write to LILLIE D. NORWOOD, Litchfield, Meeker Co., Minn.

In the issue of the Weekly BLADE of August 2, 1888, there was a great mistake made by placing over my name that I would send a recipe for the cure of dropsy to any one that wished it. I don't know anything about the recipe. I have received letters from nearly every state and territory in the Union and from Canada. The letters contain stamps, stamped and addressed envelopes, and stationery, for reply. Will you please look up the proper person who has the recipe, or send (in the BLADE) them to send you their address oor the recipe, and you publish it. I don't want to keep these stamps and have the people think me a fraud and cheat. This is the second time I have written about it. Please give it special attention.—MRS. E. F. BRIGE, Box 271, Orrville, Wayne Co., Ohio.

The substance of the above was printed once before. Our correspondent should not feel obliged to do anything more in the matter.—ED.

In your description of Mrs. Harrison, in BLADE September 6, you use the word "sesame" prefixed by "open" as it is so often used. Please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD *why* it is used in that way, while *Webster's only* definition of sesame is "An annual plant, of the genus *sesamum*, etc." Now, I want to know, and why it came to be used as it is, and oblige, Miss SADIE E. OWEN, Morris Plains, N. J.

The only explanation we can give is that it is an expression in "The Forty Thieves" in "Arabian Nights," used to make the door of their treasure house fly open. It is the name of an Eastern grain, and was probably used in that way signifying that it is the way to wealth.—ED.

Please say to the California lady who asked for my address, that I will write to her as soon as I can find the time, but having been sick, am behind in my correspondence.—MONTANA MAY.

If the lady in Kansas that has trouble with her young chickens dying will next spring work their eyes of a morning they will be all right. They being so small the sand fills their eyes, then the next morning they are matted up, and they starve. It was so with my chickens.—A NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

Cure for toothache for Don Quixote in WEEKLY BLADE of September 27: Camphor gum, 1 oz.; oil of cloves, 1 oz; chloroform, 1 oz; mix.—W. H. PRATT.

Please correct the mistake in the fan leaf lace, second row, where it says drop loop. I think it is a miss print, as I do not understand it. It was in the BLADE of October 4 would be the meaning of "picot stitch?" Have you any books giving information on chrocheting work; also, cross stitching on gingham.—MRS. A. A. ANDREWS, 138 Central avenue, Toledo.

If the lady will follow these directions, she can retain all the bright tints of autumn leaves: Sprinkle resin over the leaf, laying it on a smooth board and iron with a hot iron. If, after a day or two, the leaves should curl up, iron them again and they will remain bright and smooth. With a little care, quite large branches can be preserved in this way.—MRS. ANKER, Haskins, O.

RECIPES.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Pare, stone, and weigh the fruit; heat slowly, to draw out the juice, stirring up often from the bottom with a wooden spoon. After it is hot, boil quickly, still stirring, ¾ lb. Add sugar, allowing ¾ lb. to each lb. of fruit. Boil up well and long, taking off all the scum. For every 3 lbs. of fruit, add the juice of a lemon, and the water in which ¼ of the kernels have been boiled and steeped. Stew altogether 10 minutes, stirring to a smooth paste. Put up hot in air-tight cans, or, when cold, in small stone or glass jars, placing brandied paper on the surface of the marmalade. The flavor is improved by stirring in with the peaches a ripe pineapple, cut up fine.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—For preserving, the Crawfords are the best. Pare the peaches and stone a part of them. To each lb. of peaches allow ¾ lb. of sugar. Boil the peaches in a thin syrup until tender, but not till they break. Put them into a bowl and pour the strup over them. Let them stand 2 days in a dry, cool place. Then make a new, rich syrup, allowing ¾ lb. of sugar to 1 of fruit. Drain the peaches from the first strup, and boil them, until clear, in the last. The first strup must not be added, as it is somewhat bitter, but may be used for any other purpose.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare, core and slice the fruit; stew the skins, cores and seed in a vessel by themselves, with water enough to cover them. Strain off the water through a thick cloth, when it has simmered long enough to extract all the flavor, and the parings are broken to pieces. When water is almost cool, put the quinces into a preserve kettle, and pour it over them, stirring and mashing the fruit with a wooden spoon as it becomes soft. Add the juice of 2 oranges to every 3 lbs. of fruit. When reduced to a smooth paste, stir in ¾ lb. of sugar for every lb. of fruit, boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. When cool, put into small jars with brandied papers over them.

Crabapple marmalade is made in the same way.

CLEAR APPLE JELLY.—Pare and cut up 5 doz. large, juicy, acid apples; put them in a pan with as much water as will cover them, let them boil gently until soft, then when cool, strain them through a jelly bag; put the juice in your preserving pan, and to each pt. of juice put 1 lb. of fine sugar and the peel of 2 lemons, then boil it until it is reduced to the stiffness of calves'-foot jelly; skim it well, and add the juice of a lemon; it should be made in September, as the flavor of the apple is better.

Jelly may be made from apricots, raspberries, grapes and other fruits, using 1 lb. of sugar for each pt. of juice, and following the directions.

Good humor is the health of the soul, sadness its prison. The humor in your blood is not good; drive it out with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, and thus drive out the sadness that holds you its prisoner. 120 doses, $1. All druggists keep it.

I Surely a Candidate.

"What is Squiggles running for?"

"I didn't know he was running for any thing."

"Oh, but he is, then! I saw him going to church last Sunday."—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DEER LICK, W. VA.

Annie Jividen	Lilian Allender
Ella Sterne	Sallie Jividen
Emma Jividen	Melissa Jividen
Dora Hulbert	Bertha Hulbert
Ida Jividen	W F Garnes
	Addie Garnes

Names this week, 11. Total 24,296.

The above embraces all names received up to October 25.

A CASE OF INSOMNIA.

I cannot get my doll to sleep,
Oh, dear, oh, dear!
To-morrow she will be so cross,
I fear, I fear.

For dollies, if they keep awake,
You know, will get
All out of tune as children do,
And cry and fret.

If I could see the doctor-man
Perhaps he'd fix
A sleeping dose for wakeful dolls—
You know they mix

Sleep in a bottle; how it's done
Nobody knows,
Nor where the doctor gets the sleep—
He does, I s'pose!

—*Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Oct. Wide Awake.*

NATURAL WONDERS.

EMILY S BOUTON.

Ben liked everything that was marvelous, and the more strange and improbable the story he was told, the greater was his interest. He had, too, an exaggerated way of expressing himself which came from his vivid imagination. His boyish brain was always full of fancies, that colored everything he saw. The bright sunshine was ever a golden glory to him, more beautiful than to other people; night's veil of darkness was black as Erebus in his eyes and thoughts, even though the starlight rent and illumined it into dim uncertainty to more prosaic eyes; his mother's face was fair as he believed an angel's would be, though to common gaze it was plain, and seamed with care and ill health. It was so with everything he saw, and so well was it understood by the family and their friends that they took Ben's statements with what might be called a mental reservation, reducing his coloring and measurements by at least one half.

You will say that this is a dangerous tendency for a boy to have, that it would be likely to make him grow up into a contemptible liar, and so it would unless the disposition to exaggerate be checked and the vivid fancies be turned into right channels. A brilliant imagination is, I believe, one of God's great gifts if well trained, for it prompts to enthusiastic work in some direction, and this brings the greatest results. I saw in Ben's delight in wonderful narratives, in the vivid coloring which he gave to everything he beheld, even in his shrinking repulsion towards all that was unpleasant, a sensitive, artistic temperament, that, rightly directed, would give him great possibilities for the future. He had an innate love of truth, often wounded by the scepticism with which his statements were sometimes met, that I felt would be one of his safeguards.

I liked to tell him about real things in nature, things far more wonderful than anything which exists only in human imagination, and watch his eyes darken and deepen in the intensity of his interest, until they seemed like great wells in which I see no bottom. Ben was a good listener.

One day he came to me with tears in his eyes.

"Auntie," he said, "Mabel is making fun of me. We were looking at mamma's large calla lily that is so beautiful, and she said that there was a water lily down in South America that had leaves large enough and strong enough to be used as a raft to float on the water with a boy on it like me. Only think, auntie, how impossible, that a plant could grow to such a size, but she declares that it does, that she read it in a book, and that is ever so much more likely to be true than what I told last night about the toad that lived a thousand years without eating. There isn't any such plant, is there, auntie?"

I was surprised to find Ben an unbeliever in a marvel, no matter what it was, but not so much surprised as to be unable to see when I told him that Mabel's story was not one bit beyond the reality.

"They live in the water, Ben," I said, "in the great rivers of South America where the current is not strong, so that they are not disturbed in their sleepy, tranquil existence, reminding one in their habits of our own beautiful water lilies. Just imagine great, thick, fleshy bodies which are called rootstocks, and are the parts under the surface, from which grow ever so many long, cylindrical stems ending in the leaves These stems are wonderful in their way too. If you should cut one of them you would find running through it a number of hollow canals filled with air, some of them of considerable size, the middle of the larger ones are little prickles with vessels passing to the points, and each terminating to a tiny opening, for further circulation of the air.

"But the leaves, Ben, would make you open your eyes as they never have done before. They float on the surface of the water, flat, broad discs with the edges all turned up about two or three inches, something the shape of that round, shallow tray that Uncle Ben brought to mamma. Then think of the size, some of them actually measuring ten or twelve feet across. Large enough for several boys to ride upon, are they not, but hardly strong enough. Nature has taken very good care of them in that way too. On the under side she put several large, strong nerves that start from the stem and spread out to the edge, and then these are connected by smaller ones running across, until they all seem interlaced together, and look a great deal like a fine net. Through all of these nerves, air canals run just as they do in the stems, and upon the outside are great strong spines. When you think of all this, Ben, you can see why a boy could be borne up on one of these leaves, even if he were as large as you. One thing he would have to be careful about and that is, not to let his boots tear through the spaces between the nerves, for that is tender, and cannot endure much weight.

"What is the color of the leaves? On the upper surface they are a light, beautiful green, studded with little prominences, the whole looking, when the sun shines down upon them, like the softest velvet flecked here and there with spots of deeper colors. The under side is of the rich, fine claw hanging down his head and looking very guilty.

One summer day all the men had gone away from the ranch, and Charlie was left alone with Dan. He did not mind this, however, and lay down in the warm sunlight in front of the cabin, and was soon fast asleep.

While sleeping there a large rattlesnake crawled throug the tufts of prairie grass towards the sleeping boy. Dan saw it and made a rush for the intruder, and struck the serpent with both claws. The noise awakened Charlie, who realized the danger and sprang outside the circle.

The snake coiled itself around Dan's body and tried to strike him with its fangs, but Dan seized the rattlesnake in his talons, tore it with his strong beak, and in a few moments killed it.

Charlie has grown to manhood now, and only goes to Nebraska occasionally for pleasure, but in his elegant New York home over looking one of the parlors, there is a large stuffed specimen of an American eagle with a rattlesnake in its claws.—*Good Cheer.*

A Blessed State of Affairs.

It is a blessed state of affairs when good becomes contagious. When the endeavor to achieve one object accomplishes many. Favorable results sometimes get into occult sympathy with an established instance of their kind and follow with that persistency which sometimes characterizes extremes of good and bad luck, and accounts for the expression, "It never rains but it pours." For instance:

DANVILLE, DES MOINES CO., IOWA, July 11, '88.
Compound Oxygen saved my life by the blessing of God. MRS. S. A. SWAN.

HAGGERTSTOWN, MD., July 14, 1888.
If it had not been for Compound Oxygen I would have been under the sod.
C. H. SPANGLER.

GAINESVILLE, GA., July 21, 1888.
I fully believe that Compound Oxygen saved my son's life. M. A. TURNER.

SUFFOLK, VA., July 10, 1888.
I have used your Compound Oxygen and have been greatly benefited thereby.
L. S. WHALEY.

We publish a brochure regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Had Never Seen It.

City Poet—"What a very queer looking yellow weed that is."

Young Lady—"Yellow weed! Goodness me! This is the beautiful 'Goldenrod' that you rave about in your last poem."—*Time.*

like a withering rose. The petals are an inch thick and measure twelve inches from the base to the apex. They are five in number, surrounding a basin-like nectary which you can hardly believe holds six quarts of the most sickening smelling fluid that you can imagine. No wonder that any insects that chance to get in there die very soon, for it could hardly fail to be poisonous. And what do you think the people down there call it? 'The Devil's Sri Box,' and a good came it is too, don't you think so?"

"How many wonderful things there are in the world, auntie."

"More than you can ever dream of my boy. If we could spend a whole lifetime in learning about them, we should still die without knowing a quarter of what would be curious and interesting."

"Well, I'm going to spend my life in finding all I can, that's one thing certain." And Ben went away to answer a call from his sister, his mind full of what he had just heard.

FANNY, THE COLT.

Little Fanny was motherless, having been discovered in an open field beside her dead mother.

Before she was a year old she could open the door to her own room and go to bed alone. She did not quite understand the fastenings from the inside and had to be let out in the morning.

The children—there were six—thought her a most wonderful baby and claimed her as their own. The boys had taught her to take off their caps with her teeth, shake hands with her feet and do many other cute things.

But when she was four years old she had to work, for Fanny was only a horse, after all. Never was she driven except by one of the family and she really acted as if she liked to go. When the buggy was drawn out she would give a little pleased whinny and step daintily about as if she was impatient to be off. And when once on the road disliked of all things, to take the dust from another vehicle.

The children were a croupy set, and a physician was often called, Fanny being the horse to be ridden every time; and so well had she learned what was wanting if a saddle was placed hastily upon her back, she only waited for a rider, and without a hint from the rein, bounded off in the direction of the doctor's office; returning, she jogged leisurely home.

It was a sad day for the family when one morning no glad whinny greeted the one who had went to feed her. She had been stolen.

Two other horses had been taken from a neighbor at the same time, and he bemoaned them as so much money lost. But the joint owners of Fanny, grieved as if a friend were dead; to her it might be even worse than death. "For how could the taker be otherwise than cruel?" they asked.

A thorough search was made but no clue obtained, and the horses were given up as lost. The elder children strove to be brave, but the younger ones could not keep back the tears when speaking of "poor Fanny," and the mother was shocked one evening to hear four-year-old Bessie add to her infant prayer: "And please God, send Fanny back."

She kissed the child tenderly and whispered: "If we cannot have Fanny we will have another horse to take her place my dear."

"But it wouldn't be her, mamma. I want just Fanny," and she laid her face in mamma's lap and sobbed, as she had done many times since the loss.

A few day's later, as the family were at breakfast, Nora, the girl, rushed into the room exclaiming:

"If ye plaze mum, Fanny's in the stable, or else 'tis her ghost, sure! I wint to had the clothes pins lost last night, and as I wint near the barn I hearn a whinny as like hern as two pase, and"—but before she had ended, every seat was empty and all had hurried to the barn.

The stable door was opened, and Fanny stepped forth to be hugged and kissed as never before.

She still wore her halter from which a broken strap dangled, showing how she had released herself, and, when once free, her presence in her own stall was no mystery.

An officer was duly notified, and taking her tracks he went about five miles along the beach of the lake, where, on a bluff overhanging a ravine, he found a sort of cave where the two other horses were still tied.

Fanny had broken the halter, opened the wide door that swung in, pushed her way through the brush piled against it, and hurried home to her own stable.

The horses must have been taken to their hiding place by being led along the water's edge to conceal their tracks and their food conveyed to them by boat.

The thief was not caught, more is the pity. Evidently seeing the signs of Fanny's escape, he was only too glad to escape himself. The owner of the two horses suggested that Fanny ought to have a medal, but up

TALMAGE ON THE MISSION OF ART.

The Divine Mission of Good Pictures—The Evil Influences of Bad Ones—What the Rich Men of Every City Should Do—The Pictorial Language.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning. His text was Isaiah, chapter 2, parts of the twelfth and sixteen verses: "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." He said:

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not a specific prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pinxy, the elder, lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater of sin, the better. Never till the Books of the Last Day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The shop windows of English and American cities in which the low theaterees have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedragged! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp and Mandel's organ and Gottschalk's piano and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for a thousand of years has had an exalted mission. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted. It is not against any of these arts that have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if we were not allowed to have any text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds have not been from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the most of the people read it but little, if they read it all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or wood cut for millions on millions! What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael, the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoret's "Flight Into Egypt;" Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo De Vinci's "Last Supper;" Claude's "Queen of Sheba;" Bellini's "Madonna at Milan;" Oreagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, tratliating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1803 forth from Strasburg, Germany, came a clock that was the ecliptic of speed and boldness and grandeur anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. As 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the Book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and 205 scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural afflatus that make the heart throb, and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and of the dead. Eventually staggered down the steps of the London Art gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Pretorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful laying on of colors, or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire," and by Turner's "Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English army, and, through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued, and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones and brickbats that were hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living paterin was glad to get for his "Aloysone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,000 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I. it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the Eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland in 1707 indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damage to Pharaoh's hosts;" "to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness;" "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard;" "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs;" "to putting on a new handle on Moses's basket and fitting bulrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till as a painter he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord, 1888, and within twelve years of the Twentieth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings: one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bestend. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than any one but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contrats that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg; and the busy farmer said; "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard stories of the miserable existence, the soul-harrowing sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I think this is the first sermon ever preached that made a plea for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston, and Inman, and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men, and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the morals, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

Brooklyn, and all other American cities, need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the week and hour of work after a few minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what T. B. Cochran did for Washington, and what I am told John Wanamaker, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture "Christ before Pilate," is going to do for Philadelphia? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art. Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting, who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be adamtaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king, and sculpture enough to set apart churches, pro bono. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitapology to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches filled with the best pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvass, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his sermon on the Mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies a picture, Victor Hugo's writings all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that? After making the picture, put it on the wall or paste it on the fly-leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassins own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest steps he had written: "Disobedience of parents;" on the second, "Sabbath breaking;" on the third, "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth, "Murder." and on the fifth and top step, "A gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them. Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for the flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of the Lamb," on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening influences;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world"; on the sixth step, "Heaven! heaven! heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thrones! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there, too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands, and some of them are here to-day, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of architecture they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In the way, all the thrilling scenes through which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At the cyclorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before the massive canvas. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man, "is there a general on horseback leading them on?" "Yes, she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I ever saw on earth! What a time it was, Jenny, when I lost my eyesight!" But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of heaven and with your new vision begin to see and understand all that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying: "There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cyclorama of all worlds while the Rider on the white horse goes on "conquering and to conquer," the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara!

A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout, but if the Headache comes from Catarrh, Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream will give immediate and lasting relief. It is the best remedy.

BOMBARDED BY GHOSTS.

A Texas Town Greatly Excited Over a Strange Action on the Part of Unseen Hands.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Oct. 24.—The people of Brownsville are greatly excited again over the bombardment of a residence near that town by invisible hands. Last Friday night the night keeper's house at Point Isabel, occupied by Mrs. Schreiber, widow of the late keeper, was struck by a shower of shingle nails. The same thing occurred about two weeks ago.

The occupants paid little attention to it until the next night, when about dark the shower of nails began again, this time more vigorously than before, varied by an occasional oyster shell and clod of dirt.

People gathered but could not tell where the missiles came from. Last night the bombardment was continued, bricks being added to the shells and nails, and every now and then an old scrap of iron or copper casting.

Mrs. Krountze, Judge Lightburn and several others were struck, and bricks roiled through the house or entered at a window. A crowd collected and a deputy sheriff from Brownsville, who was sent down to investigate, made a careful search, but could discover no source from whence the shower of missiles came.

The superstitious mariners at the point insist that ghosts are the offenders, and say that it is because this light, which is of great use to commerce, was put out by the order of the light house board through some difficulty in acquiring title to the land.

As it is not in operation they firmly believe a legend started, that during the war it was put out one night by the light keeper in league with wreckers, and a schooner was enticed ashore, and stontly maintain that the ghosts of the drowned sailors are kicking up the present trouble as a mark of their disapproval of the absence of this needed beacon.

About ten years ago the house of county clerk Glaonecke, in Brownsville, was similarly bombarded.

A MOTHER'S SEARCH.

A Fruitless Search for the Body of Her Son Who Fell With Custer in That Bloody Massacre.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 27.—A very touching scene occurred at the Sherman House, just before the Sioux Indians left. Mrs. Catharine McLaughlin, of Galesburg, Ill., came to St. Paul a few days ago to await the return of the Indians.

Mrs. McLaughlin lost a son in the Custer massacre, and her earnest desire is to recover his body. She vainly hoped to obtain some information from some of the chiefs which might lead to its recovery.

She particularly desired to question Sitting Bull, whom she regarded as directly responsible for her son's death. As Mrs. McLaughlin approached the hotel, she caught sight of him, and though she had never seen him she immediately identified him with the remark:

"There he is; that is the man." She walked, however, directly to John Grass with the passionate appeal: "Where is my son?"

Grass gazed at her in amazement. Her entry was sudden, and her question was incomprehensible to him, both from its language and its import.

She repeated her inquiry just as Interpreter Primeau came up. Her companion explained to him the object of her search. Grass could give her no information. She turned away and walked up to the Bull with the same question, which was the appeal of a mother's love.

Bull understood no English, and looked at her stolidly. She repeated the question, bursting into tears. Bull only shrugged his shoulders and walked over to another window and resumed his former attitude. "You are an unfeeling, brutal murderer," exclaimed Mrs. McLaughlin, and sadly left the hotel.

The *North German Gazette* of Berlin says that Emperor William telegraphed to M. De Giers, the Russian foreign minister, who yesterday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into public life, congratulating him upon his jubilee and stating that all Europe recognizes in him a statesman who in his long career has won general esteem.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

All About How to Prevent Rabbits Barking Young Fruit Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing in the FARM department of the BLADE of October 18 a request for a remedy against rabbits barking fruit trees, and as it is now time to attend to such work, will give a sure but simple remedy. Simply grease the body of the tree up as high as the first limbs with any old grease—bacon or axle grease. Be sure to grease the whole body. This is my remedy, and has never failed.—J. B. ROMIG, Round-up, Kas.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—For the benefit of many readers of the BLADE, I will give my remedy to prevent rabbits from barking young trees. Take a rabbit, cut it open between the fore legs; rub the trees from the ground up eighteen or twenty inches and your trees are safe. In localities where mice are a pest to trees, take pine tar and fish oil in equal parts, mix together by warming and apply with a brush. These are certain and effective remedies and easily applied. Thirty-five years of experience in the cultivation and management of trees enables me to speak unerringly. Corn-stalks, paper and twine are good and effective, but are tedious in application. With the tar and oil or rabbits one thousand trees can be made perfectly safe in less time than one hundred with stalks or paper and twine.—D. W. BROCKWAG, Annelly, Kan.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In reading the item of "Rabbits barking Young Fruit Trees," under information wanted, I will say this much for the benefit of your many readers: First—All fruit trees in prairie states (Kansas especially) should have no body to them. The limbs should start out at the ground, for the following reasons: The lower the tree the less purchase the winds have to tip the tree, thereby breaking the roots loose on that side, which causes the body and limbs to decay on that side, therefore injuring the trees for life. Second—The top being low, keeps the ground shaded—keeps weeds moist and grass from under the tree, and the ground cracks less, and the apples will be more firm and will not wilt under the influence of the hot winds of Kansas. I know this by my own experience and observation. Third—If trees are set in low bottoms in this state the sun and hot winds will blister the southwest side, and your trees are ruined. I have an orchard of 80 apple trees, set out three years last April of yearling trees, which bore about five bushels of as fine apples this year as I have ever seen. The trees are the admiration of all who see them, and they wonder at such a growth. The tops being low keeps the ground cool and moist and the tree grows much better.

Now, about rabbits. I make a simple box trap; set some in my orchard on the approach of winter and catch them. I take a row at a time, go to the first tree, pull off the rabbit's head, let some of the blood spurt on the forks of the tree, run to the next and so on. Then rub the bloody head and neck on some more. Skin the rabbit, and hang the skin in one tree and the entrails in another. By this method one rabbit is sufficient for six or eight trees. I have never had a twig or a spot barked, while I have seen my neighbors' trees, six inches in diameter, barked badly. I have seen trees tied up with hay and cornstalks there at the time, but old Jack will reach above that and make bark fly. Also, while you are protecting your trees by my plan, you will be ridding the country of a pest and supplying your family with meat.—J. N. CARTER, Earlton, Kan.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As you have requested any one that knows of a certain remedy that will prevent rabbits from barking young fruit trees I will say that blood is a certain remedy. Mix enough of it in the blood to form a paste and then apply with a brush. It will not only prevent rabbits from barking the trees, but will be a benefit to the young trees. Would like to hear from some one on strawberry culture.—W. M., Tonganore, Kansas.

[Mr. Carter sends a diagram and description of trap, which we regret cannot be given this week on account of previous work laid out by the BLADE'S artist, which takes up his entire time. To those who have given information relative to rabbits gnawing the bark from young trees, we return thanks. If they have gone over the ground, so that any one having young trees may prevent injury from rabbits.—ED.]

Constructing an Ice House.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In the last number of the BLADE, G. H. B., Oregon City, Oregon, tells how to construct an ice house, but I do not agree with him. My experience of 12 or 14 years is that my ice melts away more in November and December than is does in July. And why is it? I claim it is because it has too much sawdust on it. I do not put more than six inches on when I get the house filled, and in June at the North, when pulling may be commenced.

"Field cultivation is described nearly as follows by one of the largest onion growers in Fairfield County, Connecticut, Mr. J. B. Wakeman: "Select a deep loam if to be had. Avoid wet clay, stoney land, or side hills. Cultivate the ground for two years with some hoed crop. I prefer corn one or two years. It should be highly manured, and not a single weed allowed to go to seed. When the corn crop is gathered, prepare the ground for the fall or for the next year's crop of onions, by putting twenty cart loads of well rotted manure, 50 bushels to the load, per acre. It should be free from weed seed, and plowed in deep, and not harrowed in the fall. I have plowed my ground both spring and fall, manuring at the same time. It is not more than half the work to prepare ground for the seed that was plowed in in the fall as that plowed in spring, and better. Hog manure is the best, but any kind of strong manure will do. All manure should be free from seed. Manure, either fine or coarse, should be plowed deep. If ashes are to be had, put on one or two hundred bushels to the acre. The crop of onions will pay for them the first year, and they will last from five to eight years. Bone dust is a fine manure. The ground in the spring should be prepared for the seed as soon as it is dry, by harrowing with tooth and brush until the ground is level. It needs to be very mellow, about an inch deep, and raked off level. It requires from three to four pounds of seed to the acre. I sow them by a machine made very simple, and costing from $2 to $4. It sows two rows at once, twelve inches apart. The first row must be perfectly straight, which will be a guide to the second, and so on. To cover them up, I take a hoe that stands in well, and push it along on the line where the rows are. When they get up so I can see the rows, I commence hoeing them, and as soon as there are any weeds to be seen weed them; and continue to hoe and weed as long as there is a weed to be seen. It will not pay to sow a piece of onions if they are not taken care of, and no crop pays better if well tended."

The main points are to prepare the land very thoroughly, to put on a large quantity of manure, and not less than 50 bushels of ashes, and to keep down the weeds. Six bushels of salt to the acre, after the first hoeing, is beneficial. After the crop is gathered, free the land from weeds; let none go to seed. To keep onions in the winter, store them so that they will have a circulation of air around them, and still not be subject to freezing and thawing. The Danvers Yellow is the best onion, and the Red Globe, or Wethersfield Red, the most popular one grown."

Land Plaster as a Fertilizer.

Land plaster or gypsum has been in constant use for a century, both in this country and in some parts of Europe, and still its value as a fertilizer has not been definitely settled. It appears to be one of those materials that cannot be depended upon to produce uniform results. In some seasons it will have a very marked effect upon certain crops, and perhaps the very next none whatever can be discovered, even on the same field and crop. Taking the combined testimony of the farmers who have had most experience in the use of plaster as a fertilizer in different seasons and upon various soils and crops, we may sum up the results somewhat as follows: It is most valuable upon leguminous plants, such as clover, peas and beans, and more beneficial to these crops when grown on dry than on wet or moist soils. In some instances it increases the growth of the straw of cereals or stalks of corn, but does not increase the yield of grain. No amount of plaster applied to a poor soil will make it rich. Its power to benefit must be sought in its chemical action, and not in any fertilizing property existing in the article itself.—*The Practical Farmer.*

The Whitechapel Crimes.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 29.—The *Chronicle-Telegraph* to-day prints a letter from a young American in London, giving the theory and results of the investigation of a London detective in the Whitechapel murders, who declares that the crimes were committed by a woman or a man dressed in woman's clothes—an idea entirely overlooked by the English police.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

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THE HOME MARKET.

WHAT IS IT WORTH TO US

When Compared With the "Markets of the World?"—A Free Trade Fallacy Shown Up.

What are the markets of the world?

There is a good deal said about them in a parrot fashion by those who think they are spreading wisdom, but when all is said and done, how much actual information have we about them? Why is the question usually left more befogged than it was at the beginning of the explanation?

One reason is that a plain business matter is handled as if it was an algebraic problem, and if the expounder finishes by showing that x = free trade, he has solved the question. Perhaps another reason is that colleges and sentiment do not enable the expounder to know when he has found an answer that will be plain to the average man, for he does not know himself where a business proposition is plain, where it is muddled.

I am going to place a few plain figures before you, good friend, as I would explain to you the cost of an axe, and as I shall avoid theory, I promise you that I shall lead you along that level road where no fogs of sentiment shall trouble you.

First, then, as people talk so easily of the markets of the world, what are these markets worth? This is the question, the very first question a business house would ask if it was suggested that it ought to try to get some of the trade of the markets of the world. We are told that Europe now controls these markets, so when we know how many goods Europe sends abroad, of course we know the value of the markets.

The total exports for 1887, of Europe, including Turkey in Asia and Africa, to countries other than those of Europe, were valued at 1,034 MILLION DOLLARS.

Of this amount, 357 millions came to the United States, the balance were sold to Australia, Africa, Asia, Central and South America, and Canada.

All this is simple enough, is it not? Even men like ourselves, who have no college education, can understand it. Now what is the market of the United States worth?

The census of 1880 made the total value of the products of industry in the United States 9,253 million dollars. It has increased since that year, and Poore's Railroad Manual, the highest railroad authority, places the value of merchandise transported by our railroads in 1887, at 13,500 million dollars.

Now what is it the free traders desire us to do? They say just this: Your Chinese wall of a tariff enhances prices so that you are kept out of the markets of the world with your products. Throw down these barriers and you can then have the trade of these buying nations.

Is it true, then, that we need only to wipe out the tariff on raw material to enable us to compete with Europe in the markets of the world?

Here is a suit of all wool clothes; it is historic; it sells for $10. How much less could it be made if wool came in free? Please do not answer without first thinking carefully. Remember the duty saved is on the wool, and then answer. Three dollars, did you say? You have learned the free trade lesson well. That is their song, $3 to $5 saved on a $10 suit of clothes. Hold your ear, so I can whisper to you—the duty saved would be just

FIFTY FOUR CENTS.

Here is a penknife: its value is $5 per dozen. Fifteen per cent of that is represented by the raw material; 85 per cent is labor and cost of tools, etc. Suppose the duty on the raw material is removed; how much will the manufacturer save on the 75 cents that he now pays? 25 or 30 cents; just so! You are improving.

Here is a knit shirt, all wool; well made. It retails at $1.25. The wool was cleaned, picked, carded, spun, knit; the garment was then scoured, finished, retouched, boxed, and freight paid here. Suppose you saved the duty on the wool that was in the shirt, how much cheaper, think you, could Melvin sell it? Fifty cents, do you say? Pshaw, man, you are equal to a college graduate; it would cheapen the shirt just

NINE CENTS.

Now if we are going into the markets of the world we will discover two things readily: In Africa, or Australia, or South America, the major part of the trade is done in sets not in $10 suits, nor in $1 knives, nor in $1 25 shirts, but in cheaper, much cheaper goods. The shrewd manufacturer ever puts his best workmen on shoddy goods. Such a workman does not know how to cheat; he cannot get his own consent to let the article go out of his hands unless it is well done. When the factory wants shoddy goods it also wants shoddy help; help without brains, who will do as they are bid, and do it worse than they are told. Where can such help be found? In Europe; it is abundant in Europe; it will work cheap it will make cheap goods. The American consuls in India complain that the reason American cotton cloth does not sell better in that land is because it is too good. The English cloth is made lighter and then filled with sizing to give weight and thickness. But this is cheating? Oh, dear, no; this is getting the markets of the world.

How would we get these markets? An Ohio factory would start a man to South America; he would call on the merchant. He is selling woolens from Tiffin. He shows his samples and names his prices. Then the merchant would bring down his stock. Here is cloth from Germany; it looks about as good as ours does and costs a trifle less. Can you meet the price? All right and on to Germany.

The Tiffin factory has saved a trifle on the free wool, where will the other saving be made? On wages, of course; down they go; and there is not quite so much money for use in Tiffin. But the German agent discovers that a Yankee has taken his order; he promptly reduces his figures to get back his trade. Tiffin learns the lesson of time, and is enlisted for the market of the world, is bound not to be frozen out, so cuts under the German. Again wages come down. How long would it be until Tiffin wages were as low, or lower, than the lowest German wages?

And where is the home trade? Ah, that is no longer held for American mechanics. We cut down our tariff so we could sell 1,034 millions to the markets of the world, and in doing it let Europe have full sway at our home market of 13,500 millions! But our better mechanics would hold that! They certainly would if they would work for European wages. After they had used up their savings, out-lived their credit at the butcher's and grocer's, and had seen some of their fellows turned out of house and home for rent, you can depend upon it they would work for any wages they could get. But while the country was getting down to that frame of mind I believe I would rather live abroad than be here to see, wouldn't you?

Am I putting it too strong? Did you ever read Charles Reade's story of labor troubles in England, "Put Yourself In His Place?" If not, then read it, and you will think my sentence is tame.

In Africa and Asia they tame wild beasts by first starving them. This is also a successful and free trade way to tame human beings. But I don't want to be around while the process is going on.

WM. H. MAHER.

SEND HIM BACK.

An Insane Foreigner in the Chicago Courts.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—James Dargin, a former member of the Irish constabulary force, was on trial for insanity in Judge Prendergast's court. Three years ago Dargin, while drunk and rioting in a hotel, was struck on the head with a stone and received injuries from which he never quite recovered. He reported for duty, but his mind was affected, and he was promptly discharged. Dargin's friends in America hoped that a change of scenery would effect a cure, and last June they brought him to Chicago. His condition, however, became worse, and finally it became necessary to place him in confinement.

"This man was insane when he came here," said Judge Prendergast. "It is not a case of Cook county. Dargin must not be taken to the Jefferson asylum, and it must be seen to that the British consul pays attention to the case."

Praise not the day before the evening glow. You may praise Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood without danger, for it brings the glow of health at once. The largest bottle on the market.

A Paris, Ky., dispatch says that a northbound train on the Kentucky Central railroad yesterday afternoon left the track at the junction of the Richmond extension near that place. Engineer Robert Black jumped and was fatally injured. Elmer Bryan, a passenger of London, O., was on the platform and was fatally injured. John Ryan, brakeman, was severely injured also J. J. Allen, engineer on the Chesapeake & Ohio road who was a passenger.

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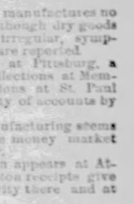

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News of the Week.

MICHIGAN'S ALL RIGHT.

A Republican Plurality Expected of Not Less Than 18,000.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 26.—Despite the expectant attitude of the Democratic national committee and all the bluster and boisterousness of the Michigan Democracy the Republicans of the state are dead sure of gaining the electoral vote, but are quite as positive for their faith. Careful inquiry among Republican leaders has revealed striking unanimity on their part, and their estimates show that if they are well founded Michigan, so far from being a doubtful state, will cast the most perfect party states this year, as it has been every Presidential year since the Republican party was organized. This inquiry has reached the conservative as well as the more sanguine leaders, and it has

WEST'S LETTER.

[Murchison's and Sackville's letters are given on 4th page, in article, "The Documents in the Case."]

AFTER SACKVILLE'S SCALP.

He Should Have Known Better Than to Give Away State Secrets.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—The Sackville letter incident has caused a considerable stir in diplomatic circles.

Mr. Phelps, the United States minister, has gone to Hatfield House, Lord Salisbury's country residence in Hertfordshire, to see Lord Salisbury.

He called first at the foreign office and finding the Prime Minister gone, he immediately followed him to his country seat. It is said that Lord Salisbury favors the retirement of Lord Sackville.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—United States Minister Phelps has returned to London from Hatfield House, where he has been in consultation with Lord Salisbury, presumably respecting the letter of Minister Sackville-West.

The Department of State has received cablegrams from him fully explaining the situation, which will be laid before the cabinet meeting to-day.

For the present, information touching nature of Minister Phelps's communication is withheld.

THE ENGLISH BULL.

Cleveland Greatly Excited Over the Sackville Letter.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—(Special.)—Not till to-day has the sleepy old administration aroused itself to the fact that the American people in New York, and especially the Irish-Americans, are preparing to rebuke Grover Cleveland at the polls for his alliance with the British minister. It has only served to open the eyes of the public to that fact that the Cleveland Democracy is linked, arm in arm, with English affairs, and it has aroused them to a sense of their duty.

So thoroughly aroused has the administration become that it is rumored this afternoon that the President has decided to demand the recall of Lord Sackville, and that Secretary Bayard has called Minister Phelps at London, instructing him to inform Lord Salisbury that the recall of Lord Sackville or his immediate transfer to some other post would confer a favor upon and be gratifying to the administration.

BAYARD BADLY FRIGHTENED.

The representative of the New York *Herald* has telegraphed to that paper as follows: "I am informed by the highest authority that while the language of the statement of the secretary of state, especially as addressed to his own people, is not such a rebuke as would compel the withdrawal of Lord Sackville, the British minister, it must make his position so unpleasant that it would make his transfer both agreeable to himself and in the interest of his government.

"The transfer of Lord Sackville would also be entirely agreeable to the department of State, since in the event of future negotiations with Great Britain the relations between the present secretary and His Lordship would not be of a friendly and intimate character. It is therefore understood that the result of the action taken by the administration will be the immediate recall of Lord Sackville. He may personally request to be recalled, or the British Foreign office, in order to maintain the respect and dignity of its diplomatic relations with the United States, may assign Lord Sackville to another legation."

GREATLY ALARMED.

Democratic Cabinet Members Have Given Up All Hope of Carrying New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—(Special.)—The Democratic brethren are evidently very much alarmed over the situation. Bayard's interview on the West letter was prepared and given out to the press after a long Cabinet meeting. It shows to experienced observers here that the Administration people look with a good deal of alarm upon it. There are other evidences of alarm too.

A private secretary of one of the most prominent Cabinet officers who came back from New York a day or two ago, told his friends privately that New York would surely go for Harrison, and one of the most prominent members of the Cabinet, who is thoroughly posted on New York politics, told a member of Congress only a few days ago that he expected to see New York go Republican.

CLEVELAND'S BURCHARD.

Lord Sackville's Letter Has Aroused the Irish-Americans.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—(Special.)—Irish-Catholics here are expressing in round and unmeasured terms their indignation over the action of Lord Sackville in writing that letter practically advising a British-American voter in California to vote for Cleveland at the ensuing election. The letter is talked of in the hotels, on the streets, in the cafes, at the theatres between the acts, and in the street cars. Nearly every opinion expressed is adverse and the usual conclusion to a conversation is "West ought to go."

It is rumored that the Democratic National committee has been sending out, privately, Lord Sackville's letter to voters of English descent and natively. The committee hoped that the letter would find its way into print and, of course, they repudiate it now and think Minister West has been very indiscreet, but has not done enough for the President to ask him for his passports.

The consensus of opinions expressed every where is that Lord Sackville desires both in his private and official capacity, the re election of Grover Cleveland.

Irish-Americans, who have been interviewed on the subject, express the opinion that an irreparable error has been committed, which the Democratic party will not be able to clear away to the satisfaction of Irish Nationalists.

THE KNIVES BEING SHARPENED.

A banner was spread at Twenty-first street and Broadway to-day that carries with its pictorial embellishments more than a suggestion of the efforts of the Cleveland Democrats to "knife" Gov. Hill, and which illustrates forcibly the ruptured condition of the relation between these two candidates.

The Independent Democrats (the Grace-Ivins crowd) and the mugwumps have joined in hoisting a banner advocating the Democratic electoral ticket and Warner Miller for governor of the state.

Politicians find a good deal of food for discussion in the incident, and questions are asked on every side if ex-Mayor Grace (who is heading the movement of Cleveland against Hill) really succeeded in securing a contribution for the banner from Cleveland's chief representative, Customs Collector Magone, with whom Mr. Grace is in daily conference.

MR. MURCHISON.

His Identity Will be Revealed at Some Future Date.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 29.—The identity of the mysterious Charles F. Murchison, writer of the Pomona letter to Minister Sackville West, is still a secret. There is no truth in the story telegraphed from here that W. A. Bell, a lawyer of Pomona, is the real writer of the letter.

This is given on the authority of Col. H. G. Otis, editor of the *Times*, of this city, who has been in the secret from the first, and who stated to an Associated Press reporter that the story was absolutely untrue.

When asked when the name would be given to the public, Col. Otis replied he couldn't answer, except to say it will be made public when the necessities of the case require it, and that, he added, is a question to be determined by those who are in possession of the facts.

The Associated Press representative obtained from him an emphatic denial that he was the author of the letter.

AN APPLE-BUYERS' TRUST.

According to the New York Farmers It Was Formed to Keep Down the Price of Fruit.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The *World's* Lockport (N. Y.) special says: The Niagara County Farmers' Club, in session here yesterday, claimed that the apple-buyers had formed a trust to keep the price of apples down, and passed a resolution denouncing such action. They claimed that they were losing money at $1 a barrel, and advocated the pooling of their interests to protect themselves. A committee was appointed to devise and estimate the cost of the erection of a cold storage warehouse, where their fruit could be housed and kept for a good market.

Stanley Murdered.

LILLIE, France, Oct. 30.—The *Echo du Nord* states that the president of the Geographical society of Lillie has received news from Africa that Henry M. Stanley has been massacred, with all his expedition excepting two men.

Yellow Fever.

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 03.—

New cases	36
Deaths	4
Total cases to date	4,095
Total deaths to date	352

POLITICAL.

WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

He is Enthusiastic for Harrison, But His Judicial Position Will Not Permit Him to Take the Stump.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 25.—Since the return of Judge Walter Q. Gresham from his summer trip to Europe, members of the Republican state committee have received numerous requests from Southern Indiana that Mr. Gresham be assigned to speak on the political issues. To these the state committee has replied, calling attention to the high judicial office occupied by Mr. Gresham under the federal government, which put it out of his power to take any active part in the campaign, especially to appear on the stump. The requests have been made directly to Judge Gresham in writing and in person, and the following letter received to-day is in response to the friendly urgency:

CHICAGO, Oct. 23, 1888.

HON. W. H. CALKINS, Indianapolis, Ind.:

DEAR SIR:—I cheerfully and in good faith acquiesced in the nomination of Gen. Harrison, and immediately informed him by telegraph that he would receive my earnest support. But it is urged that in an address, or some other public manner, I should manifest interest in the success of the Republican ticket. The proprieties of the position I occupy forbid my taking an active part.

"It is gratifying to know, however, that my friends are supporting the ticket in good faith. I do not think any fair-minded person doubts that I earnestly desire its success. I could not actively participate in the campaign without exposing myself to just censure and lowering myself in the estimation of right-thinking people.

"Trusting you will agree with me in what I have said, and that this will be a satisfactory reply to your suggestions, I remain yours truly. W. Q. GRESHAM.

IN INDIANA.

The Active Work About Completed—Two Weeks of Fine Figuring.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 24.—Inclement weather did not prevent a delegation of 60 ladies, from Terre Haute, from calling upon General and Mrs. Harrison yesterday. A majority of them were wives of railroad men. Their reception by Gen. and Mrs. Harrison was entirely informal. In the afternoon Gen. Harrison came down town and visited his law office, and afterwards called at the Republican headquarters at the New Dennison and had a brief conference with Chairman Huston and several prominent Republicans.

To any one, however, who has followed the campaign in Indiana from its opening, it is apparent that the last stage has been reached, at least at the headquarters of both parties political. The issues of the campaign are no longer discussed about headquarters. They have been beaten threadbare by the two thousand orators engaged nightly on each side throughout the state, to say nothing of "distinguished speakers from abroad," Huntington, Hill, Mills, Blaine, Foraker and others who have addressed countless thousands.

Both state committees are employing a larger clerical force to-day than at any time since the campaign opened.

Tons of public documents have been distributed by each committee, yet every train from Washington continues to pour bag after bag of congressional literature, which is being disposed of as fast as possible.

In addition to a large corps engaged in this work, another larger force of clerks is filing reports from county committees, forwarding private circulars, and giving instructions regarding election.

Both state committees have thus far taken two polls of the entire voting population of the state, and there is reason to believe that each committee is now engaged in taking a third final poll of the state, the result of which will scarcely be known to the committees before November 4.

Each party estimates the floating vote of Indiana at from 18,000 to 20,000. A large proportion of this vote is regarded by the managers of both parties as subject to influences at the last moment, and it is this floating vote that now occupies the chief attention of both committees.

BY FALSE PRETENCES.

Anything to Win is the Battle Cry of the Bourbons.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—(Special.)—The Democratic free traders have been attempting to make all the capital they could out of anything that looked like a scandalous case of free trade in the Senate tariff bill. They have been plastering the country all over with documents to the effect that one of the clauses in Senator Allison's tariff bill reduces the duty on fine cigars one dollar per thousand. They have succeeded to the limited extent in agitating some members of the cigar makers union on the subject.

It was not until to-day that this trick of the Democrats was discovered. The fact is just the reverse. The Senate tariff bill instead of reducing the duty on fine cigars increases it to $16 per thousand.

IN NEW YORK.

The Democrats Feel That They Are on Their Last Legs.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—(Special.)—The desperate straits in which the Democrats find themselves at this stage of the campaign is evidenced by the latest device to trick public opinion which they have devised.

Information is at hand which proves conclusively that for 24 hours certain Democratic managers in this city have been considering a plan to have Senator M. S. Quay, chairman of the National Republican committee, arrested upon some trumped up charge of violating the election laws.

The plan, if its premature discovery does not forestall it, is to have a detective arrest Senator Quay at his hotel at an hour so late that it will be impossible for him to conveniently furnish bail until morning.

The Democrats feel that they are beaten unless they win by fraud at the polls, and their efforts from this time on will be to raise a hue and cry about alleged Republican wickedness for the purpose of shielding their own movements.

The United States officials and the city judiciaries are already working for the Democratic party in all possible ways and there is a dangerous and manifest tendency to obstruct the execution of warrants issued for the arrest of persons who register illegally.

One man registered here who had only been in the county six months. He pleaded ignorance of the law, and because he was a Democrat he was released by a Democratic justice.

This instance shows what odds the Republicans have to contend with in their effort to secure a fair election in New York city.

THE WEST LETTER.

Hon. W. V. Fitzgerald, member of the California state Republican committee, telegraphed from Los Angeles to-day in answer to an inquiry:

"You can deny truthfully and emphatically that the California Republican state committee, or any member of it, had anything whatever to do, either directly or indirectly, with the conception or execution of the West letter, or had any knowledge of it until after it had been received at Pomona.

"I am convinced that neither Harrison, Gray, Otis, Henry, Gage, or any other person in Los Angeles, had any knowledge of the existence of the Murchinson-West correspondence until it was publicly exploited in Pomona."

CLEVELAND'S JUNKET.

The result of President Cleveland's visit here, yesterday, has been the chief topic of conversation in political circles to-day. There has been an amused expression on all sides at the apparent necessity which his friends found to endeavor to bottle him and to keep him from in any way committing himself, as they greatly feared he otherwise might do.

It was but a repetition of a scene enacted here in 1884, after one of the business men's parades which Cleveland reviewed, and when he got terribly angry at some reference the crowd made at one of the personalities of that canvass.

For hours he threatened to come out and blurt the whole thing, but he was labored with, and finally consented to bottle up his wrath.

One of the prominent Democratic leaders of this city, who refused to give his name for publication, said to-day: "The way they kept Cleveland secluded in Secretary Whitney's house was amusing. They took good care to keep every one except a few selected persons away from him, and even the selected few who called did not see him alone.

"If a mugwump called there was sure to be half a dozen Democrats on hand to hear just what he said, and most of us never even got a show to whisper words in his ear.

"They kept this surveillance up to the last moment and until the faithful Dan Lamont had seen the president safely corralled on a train and the train moving out at Jersey City.

There was one alleged Democrat whom Secretary Whitney couldn't suppress, namely, W. R. Grace, ex-mayor of New York. He called at Mr. Whitney's house and kept close to the skirts of Mr. Cleveland's coat as long as he could. Strange to say, and I have it from authentic sources, Mr. Cleveland appeared to be mighty glad to see him and did not for the moment seem to appreciate the awkward position in which he was placing his party by showing the ex-mayor so much favor. The fact that Mayor Grace was warmly received has intensified the bitterness of the Hill men and has made the breach between the two factions wider than ever.

HOW IT LOOKS.

Republicans Will Carry All the Doubtful States—Views of a Veteran.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Mr. A. P. Cunningham, of Omaha, at present an officer of the United States Senate, has just returned from an extended trip through New York and Indiana. Mr. Cunningham is an Irishman by birth, and a forcible speaker among natives of the Emerald Isle. He is, besides, a keen political observer, and his examination of the situation leads him to predict the election of the Republican ticket next week beyond peradventure. To your correspondent he said:

"The Republicans will poll 110,000 votes in the city of New York, and Harrison and Morton will have at least 16,000 plurality in the state. Erhardt's chances for election to the mayoralty of New York City are excellent, and unless there is trading in the city Miller will be elected governor by a handsome majority. He will not poll as many votes in the state at large as Harrison, for the reason that Hill has the liquor men with him, and they do not all support Cleveland."

"What do you base your estimates upon?"

"The sentiment among the Irish-American voters. There are thousands of them all over the country who voted the Democratic ticket in 1884, and in all previous elections, who are to-day with Harrison and Morton upon the great National question of tariff, which is the issue of the campaign. In every town in Connecticut there are at least four or five Irishmen who have changed their party allegiance, and in the cities of New York and Brooklyn the number is swelled to thousands."

"What do you gather of the situation in Indiana?"

"Hovey will be elected governor by a majority of about 8,000 or 9,000. Nothing can beat him. Harrison's majority will be about 1,000 less."

"Did you find that the Sackville letter has had much effect among the Irish voters?"

"It certainly has had a decided effect in convincing them that the British government is anxious to see Cleveland re-elected; but the Irish voters had largely made up their minds to vote the Republican ticket before that letter made its appearance, so that its effect had been discounted."

WILL CARRY NEW YORK.

The Managing Editor of the "Sun" Thinks Harrison Will Be Elected.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—The *Globe* to-day printed forecasts on the election from several sources. Among others was this one:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 27.

"I think that the election in New York state will be very close, but the chances favor Harrison's carrying it by 1,000 plurality. Connecticut acts as though it would give a Republican plurality. New Jersey Democratic. Indiana close, with the chances in favor of the Democrats.

CHESTER S. LOLD,

"Managing Editor of the Sun."

SUITS THE ENGLISH.

They are Earnest Supporters of President Cleveland.

YOUNGSTOWN, Oct. 30.—On the 18th day of October, Mr. Thomas Priestly, of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, arrived in this city, and was met at the train and shown about the city by Mr. Harry Bonnell. Mr. Bonnell is a member of the Bonnell family which operates extensive iron works here and employs, giving employment to between 1,000 and 2,000 men. Mr. Thomas Priestly owns and operates about 1,0 0 power looms and gives employment to about 1,000 men in Bradford, England, and is a distinguished politician and warm supporter and personal friend of Mr. Gladstone.

While discussing the correspondence which is causing Minister West and the Democratic party so much trouble, Mr. Bonnell last evening said: "I had a call a few days since from an old English friend, and during our conversation I asked him what he was doing over there at this season of the year, which is usually his busy season. He told me that he was here to satisfy himself regarding the chances of President Cleveland for re-election and asked me what I thought about the outlook. I said I did not think there was serious danger of such a misfortune. This nettled him, and he declared that Cleveland was the most intelligent man of affairs in this country to-day; that he had endeared himself to the English people by his espousal of free trade doctrines, and that he must be re-elected, do the whole world an undying service by abolishing 'the beastly high American tariffs,' and by helping to 'bring labor down to its proper level.' I asked him what he would give for such a consummation. He answered: 'Give? Why we are giving all the time toward the enlightenment of the American people on this most important subject. What do you give? Free trade tracts and pamphlets, or good hard cash?' I asked. He answered: 'I tell you it costs us lots of brass, but we contribute liberally of both tracts and money, and we will continue to do so until you see this matter as we see it.'

"I then asked him whether he thought the passage of the Mills bill and four years more of Cleveland's administration, with its free trade tendencies, would help him out. With a beaming Yorkshire smile, he replied: 'It would cause every power loom in England, France and Germany to run night and day.'"

There is no possible doubt that Mr. Bonnell's English friend, who expresses himself so frankly about the benefits he and other English manufacturers expect to reap from the re-election of President Cleveland and the triumph of his policy, was Mr. Thomas Priestly, the great Bradford, Yorkshire, manufacturer of textile fabrics.

MURDERED BY DEMOCRATS.

The Rebel Shot-gun Doing Its Deadly Work in Indiana—To Shout for Harrison is Punished by Death.

LEBANON, Ind., Oct. 25.—(Special.)—Geo. Purdy was found dead near the roadside, about one mile northeast of this city, last evening, with his body riddled with bullets.

A person who witnessed the shooting says it resulted from politics.

Purdy was shouting for Harrison, and some unknown persons, driving up behind him, opened fire upon him, killing him instantly.

To Head Off Fraud.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—Supt. Police Murray this morning held a consultation with the police captains, in regard to illegal registration and voting. To-day the captains will procure official copies of the registration and verify their correctness later by a house-to-house canvass, including the lodging houses, hotels and all places at which unusual numbers of persons have registered.

Inspector Brynes will communicate with the chief of police of other cities and will keep a close watch on colonizers.

CAN GET DAMAGES.

Railroads Liable to Passengers Riding on a Pass.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 30.—In the Court of Appeals one of Judge Ramsey's opinions handed down yesterday, affirms the judgment in the case of Leona Bryan vs. the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, awarding the plaintiff damages for injuries sustained on that road while riding on a pass.

One of the conditions of the pass was that the person using it assumed all risk of accidents.

The court instructed the jury that it was the duty of the defendant to have done all that human care, skill and ingenuity could devise in the way of safe coaches, tracks and machinery, and to keep the same in proper repair, that even though they might believe that plaintiff was a gratuitous passenger and did not pay for riding on the train that such fact did not effect the issues in the case and was no defense.

Russia's Foreign Policy.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 30.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says the Czar's visit to the Caucasus is a fresh proof that he will preserve with with fruitful activity in the direction of Russia's foreign policy. His firm and wise procedure is already bearing fruit in Russia's financial and commercial prosperity, enabling us to expect an era of continuous progress—not through the barren glories of war, but through productive works of peace.

HAYTI AND CHINA.

BLOCKADE RUNNER.

A Boston Vessel Gets Into Trouble for Violating a Law.

WASHINGTON, Oct 30.—A telegram has been received by Acting Secretary Rives, announcing the capture of the American steamer Haytien Republic, while trying to force the blockade at St. Marc, but giving no details.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—The Haytien Republic, the steamer seized at Hayti on a charge, as reported, of "attempting to force the blockade of the insurgent port St. Marc, with rebel troops, arms and ammunition on board," is a Boston boat and engaged in the West India trade since 1885, when she was built in Bath, Me. B. C. Morse & Co., the agents, have received no word from the consignees or captain of the vessel. They state that they know nothing of anything contraband on board the steamer. If it is there, it is without their knowledge. The steamer sailed from New York October 4, carrying a general cargo. The agents have placed the matter in charge of the authorities at Washington, and are awaiting developments.

AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.

Has Uncle Sam at Last Got His Dander Up?

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—The seizure of the American steamer, Haytien Republic, has become an international episode, as will be seen by the following letter from Secretary of State Bayard:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 9, 1888.

Messrs Lord & Austin, New York City:

GENTLEMEN:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th instant, in which you inform the department of the seizure of the American steamship, Haytien Republic, at St. Marie, and request that, in view of the serious state of affairs in Hayti at the present time, and of the jeopardy in which the lives and property of Americans are now placed, a man-of-war be sent thither immediately.

The department has received information of similar purport from the United States minister at Port-au-Prince, and a reply has instructed him to protest instantly against the action of the Haytian authorities, and has informed him that a man-of-war will be ordered to proceed to Haytian waters as soon as possible. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant

T. F. BAYARD.

Bayard is Having Lots of Trouble Carrying on His War.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The Navy department has been requested by the secretary of State to send a man-of-war to Hayti to look after American interests there, which appear to have been jeopardized by the seizure of the American steamer Haytien Republic at St. Marc and other disturbing events at Port-au-Prince.

At present all of the vessels of the North Atlantic station are laid up in navy yards for repairs except the Boston, which is at an unhealthy Central American port beyond the reach of the telegraph. Efforts will be made to communicate with her, and it is expected that the vessel will be able to reach Hayti in a few days.

WILL GET EVEN.

How China Feels on the Subject of the Recent Exclusion Bill.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—News has been received from China concerning the feeling on the American exclusion bill. The *Japan Gazette* has a statement published in the *Chinese Times* to the effect that the action of the Chinese minister to the United States in the matter of the treaty which was recently rejected by the Chinese government excited the greatest animosity against him in Kwantung, and endeavors were made by an angry mob to attack the minister's house. The *Chinese Times* also contains a letter signed by Pekin official written just after the news had reached China that the United States Senate had passed the Chinese exclusion bill. The following extract is taken from the letter:

"If the obnexious American bill shall be carried into effect, there will be no other course open to China than to fight with her dignity as a nation, than to adopt retaliatory measures by prohibiting citizens of the United States from coming to China. This will be by no means proportionate to the harm done to Chinese interests in America, but it will have to be done in order to show that the Chinese can do the same thing, and, if this has no effect in bringing the United States Congress and government to reason and fairness, then it will be a question for China to consider whether it is not time for her to cancel her treaties made with that country, to recall her subjects from there, to expel all United States citizens from this country, and to cease all relations and intercourse, diplomatic and commercial, with that country."

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The following Chinese circular has just reached the Chinese merchants in New York from their home offices in Hong Kong and Shanghai:

"GENTLEMEN:—You are hereby notified that you are to immediately discontinue the purchase of the following articles from American sources for the markets here, as they are being severely taxed (Kim-Maid) by members of the trades unions and other citizens. These are the articles now proscribed:

"Petroleum, white sheeting, all kinds of American calico, watches and American fire arms, ginseng root and flour."

With the exception of a few Chinese firms in New York the above circular will have no effect, but many San Francisco firms will feel it more severely, as several of them are heavy dealers in American flour, petroleum and cotton goods.

MONTANA TERRITORY.

The Annual Report of Governor Preston H. Leslie.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—Preston H. Leslie, governor of Montana, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior, puts the population of the territory at 140,000, an increase of 10,000 over his estimate last year. Of the financial condition, the report says that Montana enjoys the enviable distinction of being entirely free from debt—owing not a dollar, with plenty of money in the treasury. The territorial taxes, it says, are very light, the proceeds being principally applied to the education of the children, the execution and enforcement of the criminal laws and the care of the insane.

All of the industries of the territory, the report says, have been highly active and prosperous during the year.

Agriculture made rapid strides, and it can be stated in truth that the average yield per acre of wheat, oats, Irish potatoes and cultivated grass in Montana for the year 1887 was not equalled by that of any other territory or state.

The commercial operations during the year covered by the report aggregates $49,000,000. The product of the mines, the income from the sale of wool, sheep, cattle and horses, with the receipts from the sales of surplus agricultural products, amount to $47,000,000. The total assessed value of taxable property of the territory is stated to be $69,600,000.

Upon the subject of education the report says there is in each of the cities and large towns the very best and highest class of graded schools, and every child of school age in the territory is on the school roll and is at school nine months of the year.

Mining continues to be the leading pursuit of the people of Montana. The mines are more productive than ever. Old mines are being worked.

IRRIGATION.

The Big Dam Scheme at El Paso Endorsed by the Survey.

EL PASO, Texas, Oct. 29.—Word has been received from Washington that the director of the geological survey is of the opinion that the recently conceived plan of constructing an immense dam across the Rio Grande at or near El Paso is perfectly practicable; but he thought that the question of conflicting water rights must first be settled by the enactment of a general by Congress.

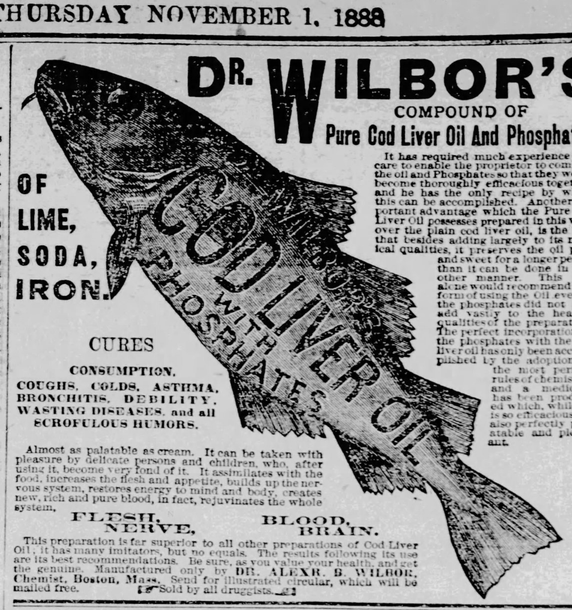
He has decided to establish a station just above El Paso to measure the annual flow of water and the per cent of filture carried, and hopes to have the station established by January 1.

The chief purposes of the dam would be to irrigate the valley for about 30 miles, and furnish motive power; to prevent destructive floods below here, and to settle the Mexican boundary question by keeping the river in its proper channel. It is proposed to make the dam an international affair. Major Ernest, of the corps of government engineers stationed at Galveston, has been detailed to take a party and make an examination of the Rio Grande from Eduardo, 500 miles north of El Paso, to El Paso.

Natalie Potents.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—Queen Natalie has sent a formal protest against the divorce granted to King Milan by the metropolitan or Belgrade to the Greek orthodox synods of Bucharest and Athens, to the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg, and to the ecumenical patriarch of Constantinople.

No one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing him out. Merely conversing with a Warner's Log Cabin Plaster will not draw out pain in the back, but an application of it will give relief at once.



DR. WILBOR'S
COMPOUND OF
Pure Cod Liver Oil And Phosphates

OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

It has required much experience and care to enable the proprietor to combine the oil and Phosphates so that they would become thoroughly efficacious together, and he has the only recipe by which this can be accomplished. Another important advantage which the Pure Cod Liver Oil possesses prepared in this way, over the plain cod liver oil, is the fact that besides adding largely to its medical qualities, it preserves the oil pure and sweet for a longer period than it can be done in any other manner. This fact alone would recommend this form of using the Oil even if the phosphates did not also add vastly to the healing qualities of the preparation. The perfect incorporation of the phosphates with the cod liver oil has only been accomplished by the adoption of the most perfect rules of chemistry; and a medicine has been produced which, while it is so efficacious, is so perfectly palatable and pleasant.

CURES
CONSUMPTION,
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY,
WASTING DISEASES, and all
SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, become very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvinates the whole system.

FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil, it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free.

Sold by all druggists.

PLENTY OF POTATOES.

Over 216,000,000 Bushels of Potatoes—The Record Broken.

CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—The following estimate of the potato crop of the United States for 1888, will appear in the *Farmers' Review*:

There is no longer room for doubt that the potato crop of the present season is the largest ever grown in the United States. From statistics furnished by correspondents of the *Farmers' Review* based on actual harvest returns, we make the following estimate:

Ohio—Acreage, 156,963; average yield, 96 bushels; total, 15,068,448 bushels. Indiana—Acreage, 99,875; average yield, 68 bushels; total, 6,791,500 bushels. Illinois—Acreage, 146,317; average yield, 82 bushels; total, 11,997,994 bushels. Iowa—Acreage, 150,276; average yield, 118 bushels; total, 17,372,568 bushels. Kansas—Acreage, 120,916; average yield, 57; total, 6,892,212 bushels. Nebraska—Acreage, 66,536; average yield, 84 bushels; total, 5,588,192 bushels. Michigan—Acreage, 158,408; average yield, 96 bushels; total, 15,212,928 bushels. Wisconsin—Acreage, 112,264; average yield, 109 bushels; total, 12,236,776 bushels. Minnesota—Acreage, 67,000; average yield, 108 bushels; total, 3,736,000 bushels. Dakota—Acreage, 65,707 bushels; average yield, 90 bushels; total, 5,913,630 bushels. Missouri—Acreage, 85,316; average yield, 80 bushels; total, 7,393,124 bushels. Kentucky—Acreage, 52,072; average yield, 77 bushels; total, 4,009,544 bushels. Total for the eleven states and Dakota, 116,173,916 bushels.

In the 33 other states and territories we assume that the average yield will be equal to that of 1884, viz.: 85.8 bushels per acre, as reported by the department of Agriculture, which, allowing for increase in acreage, would make a total of 100,272,143 bushels, or a grand total of 216,646,059 bushels, against 208,164,425 bushels in 1883, 190,642,000 bushels in 1884, 175,029,000 bushels in 1885, 168,051,000 bushels in 1886, and 134,000,000 bushels in 1887.

THE ASHER CASE.

States Cannot Tax Drummers Not Residents—The Supreme Court's Decision.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—In an opinion rendered by Justice Bradley in the drummer tax case of William G. Asher versus the state of Texas, the Supreme court of the United States to-day declared unconstitutional all state laws imposing a license tax upon commercial travelers not residents of the state imposing the tax.

Asher was a resident of New Orleans, and while selling goods by sample in Texas was arrested and fined for violation of the state law making it a misdemeanor for any person to do business as a commercial traveler without having first taken out an occupation tax. Asher contested the constitutionality of this statute, taking the ground that it was repugnant.

Asher appealed the case to the Supreme court, which to-day gave a decision in his favor. The court in its opinion says it sees no difference between this case and the Robbins' Tennessee case, in which the state law was held to be unconstitutional. As to the contention of the authorities of Texas, that the decision of the Supreme court in the Robbins' case was in conflict with prior decisions of the court, Justice Bradley very dryly says that even were this true, the court has always supposed that a later decision has the effect of overruling a prior decision with which it may not be in harmony.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Another Day of the Greatest Farce Ever Enacted.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—The Parnell commission re-assembled to day. Attorney General Webster asked the court to enforce its order giving the *Times* counsel permission to inspect the books of the league in the keeping of the Hibernan, National and Munster banks.

Sir Walter Phillimore, counsel for the Hibernian bank, contended that the commission had no power to compel the production of the books.

Presiding Justice Hannen said he would not discuss the question. If the banks, under color of protecting the privacy of their clients, obstructed the orders of the court the court would be constrained to put its powers into force.

Sir Charles Russell, counsel for the Parnellites, intimated that his clients had not the slightest objection to the production of the books.

The court then heard evidence proving the correctness of the shorthand notes of the speeches from which the attorney general quoted in his presentation of the *Times'* case last week.

ANOTHER THIEF.

A Tennessee County Treasurer who Robbed His Community.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 25.—(Special.)—A sensation has been created here by the announcement that J. A. Swan, late treasurer of Knoxville county, was short about $25,000 upon financial settlement with his successor. He is now missing somewhere in the west.

His second term expired in September last, when his successor was qualified. Judge Maloney of the county court was one of the sureties of Swan, whose bond aggregated about $250,000.

In examining the books Judge Maloney discovered several discrepancies, which upon notice Mr. Swan paid. Subsequently, however, and since Mr. Swan's departure startling disclosures were made. On examination of the books it appears that he had received certain railroad taxes that he failed to turn over. The aggregate deficit is nearly $25,000.

MRS. J.G. BLAINE, JR.

Her Illness Very Liable to Terminate Fatally.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., has been suffering with nervous prostration ever since her domestic troubles began, and to-day she became quite ill as the result of the severe tension upon her not overstrong system. She was reported this evening to be confined to her rooms in the New York hotel. Her husband is still absent, but his exact whereabouts seem to be a secret. A good deal of sympathy is manifested for young Mrs. Blaine.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The physician in attendance upon Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., said: "Her life is hanging by a thread."

PENSION FRAUDS.

Mrs. Green Has a Very Gloomy Future to Contemplate.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 25.—Judge Jackson, of the United States Circuit court, has sentenced Mrs. Sarah A. Green to pay a fine of $1,000 for obtaining accrued pensions amounting to $1,150 from the United States government by making a false affidavit that her husband, Henry F. Green, was dead.

He also stated that Mrs. Green must go to prison in the event the fine was not paid. Mrs. Green is now in jail and it is believed that the sum will not be forthcoming. John M. T. Ralls, who was indicted with Mrs. Green, was sentenced to pay a fine of $1,150 or serve a term of two years in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio.

A Big Fire.

BERLIN, Oct. 30.—The great fire at Huenfeldt, near Cassel, continues to spread.

Three hundred houses, including public buildings, have been consumed.

A force of military and 30 fire brigades from adjacent places are endeavoring to get control of the flames.

TREASURER AXWORTHY.

He was Crippled by the Fidelity Bank Failure.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 30.—(Special.)—Sheriff Sawyer, who has been looking for ex-Treasurer Axworthy's property, had the door of the treasurer's private vault in the National Bank of Commerce forced open yesterday afternoon and found therein a lot of stocks, bonds, and miscellaneous securities. The property found has been appraised at $152,000. Experts say that if attended to these securities are likely to realize about $300,000.

It was a startling find, and Axworthy's staunch friends insist that more property will be found, and that no accident or foul play has caused his absence.

But as the investigation goes on it shows that Axworthy has been in financial straits ever since the Fidelity bank failure. Since the winter of 1886 he has converted $102,000 worth of real estate into cash.

The real estate now in his name is valued at $42,000, and is mortgaged for $14,000. His shipping interests are not worth more than $10,000, so that for a shortage of $480,000 only about $225,000 worth of property, including to-day's find, is left. A special session of the grand jury is to be called to indict Axworthy.

THAT POISONING CASE.

Minneapolis Still Trying to Unravel the Mystery.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 27.—There were more developments in the Bohemian poisoning case last evening. Mrs. Martin, the bride, who was opportunely absent from the poisoned feast took a dose of arsenic with suicidal intent. Physicians were at once summoned. When they reached Mrs. Martin she was in terrible agony. Antidotes were administered without result, the woman relapsing into a state of coma. There is no hope of her recovery.

A half emptied box of the poison was found near the house and another discovered in Mrs. Martins room. Various theories are advanced as to the reason for the crime. One is that the boy Smisko was the agent of a jilted lover of Mrs. Martin, and that he placed the poison in the flour. This, it is said, explains how Mrs. Martin did not take supper with the rest of the party. Nothing definite has been learned however.

The Bride Placed Under Arrest—Jealousy Her Motive.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 30.—(Special.)—The officers who have been working on the Bohemian Flats wholesale poisoning case, have arrested Mrs. Martin, the young bride, charging her with the crime. It appears that on the afternoon of the day on which the bridal party arrived from New Prague, there was a quarrel. The bride of three days was jealous of her pretty cousin, Lizzie Halavatch, and grew excited because her husband was attentive to Lizzie.

In this the whole family took part. The bride was very angry, and going to a drug store, bought the poison. A package found has been identified as the one she bought. After the poisoning the family entered into collusion to conceal the identity of the prisoner, who has repented of her rashness.

The story of the boy, Smisko, was accordingly fixed up. The true story was soon learned, however, and the finding of the package of poison supplied the missing link.

WENT DOWN WITH ALL HANDS.

An Unknown Schooner at the Bottom of the Ocean.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 29.—A special to the *Commercial* says: Captain Tufts, of the schooner E. H. Foster, of and for St. John, N. B., from New York October 16, put into Vinalhaven harbor October 26, and reports that on Wednesday, the 24th, he fell in with an unknown schooner on Jeffrey